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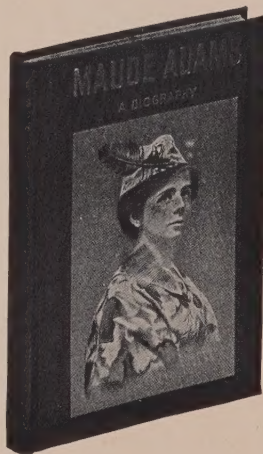
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John Rhead

Rose Sibley

SCENE IN "MILESTONES," THE NEW PLAY BY ARNOLD BENNETT AND EDWARD KNOBLAUCH, WHICH HAS MET WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN LONDON AND WHICH NEW YORKERS WILL SEE AT THE LIBERTY ON SEPT. 16 NEXT



SCENE IN THE HISTORICAL PHOTO PLAY ADAPTED FROM AMIEL MOREAU'S "QUEEN ELIZABETH," TO BE SEEN AT THE LYRIC THEATRE, THIS CITY, ABOUT AUGUST 15 NEXT. ELIZABETH (SARAH BERNHARDT) BIDDING ESSEX FAREWELL

ONE of the most remarkable moving picture exhibitions seen here

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

sented in kinemacolor form at the Rotunda in Vienna, under Mr. Reinhardt's direction.

is the historical photo play in 21 scenes adapted from Amiel Moreau's "Queen Elizabeth," with no less famous a player than Sarah Bernhardt in the title part. These pictures, privately presented for the press at the Lyceum Theatre on July 17 last, will be put on at the Lyric Theatre for a run about the 15th of August. It is not known what pecuniary inducement was held out to persuade the Divine Sarah to act for the cinematograph, but, no doubt, it was sufficiently large to tempt her, and, once having given her consent, the artiste did not merely pose mechanically for a mechanical contrivance, but proceeded to give one of the finest performances of which this greatest living actress is capable. Instantly recognized as she makes her entrance, with the characteristic slow, sinuous walk, Bernhardt's movements, gestures and facial play throughout the drama are so wonderfully depicted on the screen that few, if any, among the audience missed that golden plaintive voice which has stirred theatre-goers all over the world. It was Bernhardt acting, and acting at her best. From the first moment, when she listens with superstitious terror to the fortune teller's prophesy that Essex will die on the scaffold to the final scene, in which she falls upon her face after a savage denunciation of the Earl of Nottingham for causing her lover's death, she is truly superb. These films are a remarkable achievement of the moving picture. With such an illustrious interpreter, they cannot fail to draw crowded houses. Louis Tellegin is the ill-fated Earl of Essex, Mlle. Romain the Countess of Nottingham, and M. Maxidian the Earl of Nottingham.

There seems to be no limit to the enterprise of the moving picture promoter or to the territory he will invade. Already the Savoy Theatre and the Herald Square Theatre have succumbed to the craze, and now Daniel Frohman and W. A. Brady propose to present films showing prominent players in popular plays. Next month Hammerstein's Roof Garden will become the permanent winter home of the kinemacolor pictures. The first films shown will be those of Prof. Reinhardt's spectacle, presented at the Olympia in London, "The Miracle," which is now being pre-

The original cast which appeared in London acted for these pictures, as did the 2,000 supernumeraries. The setting in which the pictures will be shown is in itself novel, the screen being so arranged that the effect to the spectator is as if he were looking through the stained glass casement of a Gothic church.

With our best playhouses going over to the moving picture, some of our leading managers and our best actors and actresses actively engaged in the business, a serious question has arisen as to whether or not the popularity that created these conditions will undermine public taste for the theatre proper, gradually kill the art of the actor, paralyze the efforts of the playwright and degrade the theatre into merely a place of spectacle.

The danger is more imaginary than real. There is certainly a great danger of the cinematograph becoming a serious handicap to the theatre as a commercial enterprise—that is to say, it is likely to hurt the inferior class of dramatic entertainment, which is by far the greater part of the regular stage—but under no circumstances will it effect, even remotely, the really first-class plays, for there is now, as there always has been, and as there always will be, a genuine love for the regular stage that combines full means of expression. It is this unrestrained ability to say and to do that gives the theatre proper its advantage over every variation. Nearly all of this sudden hue and cry concerning the menace of the moving picture has come because of the comparatively recent novelty of the form. There are always people who are swept along by a sort of fanatical enthusiasm at the inception of an idea, who look at the future with rosy glasses of exaggeration. In other words, the future of the moving picture is being greatly magnified. The true future of the moving picture will be found by that man who can make a cold appraisal of it for what it is really and truly worth.

An innovation that has any practical value at all always has a crowd of shouting followers in the beginning. The man who invents a wheel chair for invalids, pictures all of his neighbors, and, in fact, all of the population, going around in copies of his perfected machine, never taking into account the fact that there

are many people who are able to walk. When coaches were introduced in England, there were many people who prophesied that the entire world would soon be rolling back of horses on wheels. Every one remembers the bicycle craze that was going to permanently revolutionize locomotion. Nowadays one only sees a stray one. And we are now going through the same process, where things will settle down to their normal values with the automobile. In the same way is the moving picture subsiding to a dramatic form that is worth no more than what it is worth. People are no longer content with the wonder of seeing figures move across the screen with other diversified movements to accompany; they are demanding the best in dramatic art, and they cannot find that completeness in any form excepting the so-called legitimate stage.

The curse of the moving picture that becomes the advantage of the regular theatre is its speechlessness. The moving picture cannot talk; and when it does talk (which may happen), it will only be for the first-run pictures that will only be seen in expensive places that will not be common over the country.

This destruction of inferior and meretricious plays by the competition of the screen is one of the best things that ever happened for the betterment of genuine dramatic art. In order to hold its own the regular stage must provide better and still better examples of its best expression. Just as competition makes for the success and better service of any business, so will the moving picture improve the theatre proper. The art of the



GABY KESSEL

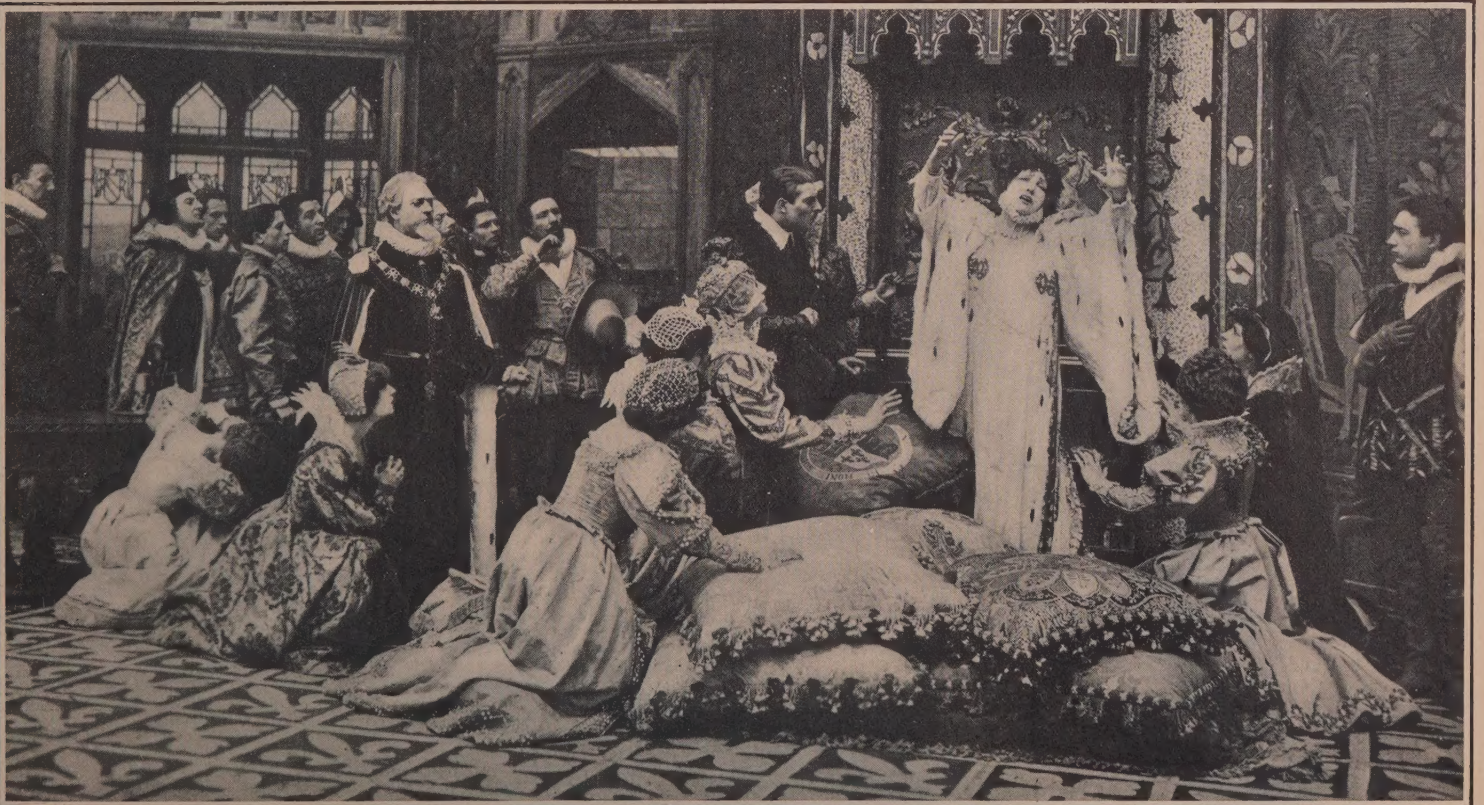
Distinguished French actress who will be seen on the New York stage next winter. Mlle. Kessel has played almost the entire modern repertoire and has been as successful in tragic rôles as in comedy. She appeared with great success in Brussels in "Les Oiseaux de Passage," "Les Avariés," and other dramas. At the time of the production of "Chantecler," Edmond Rostand made a special request that she be engaged for the rôle of the lark.

"poor man's theatre"—as the nickel-odion is sometimes called—projected upon a plane surface, in colors that can only approximate at best the colors of the original, will never supply the full sense of satisfaction given in the playhouse where every man has his own point of view (and not a centre of vision that is false to nearly every one in the audience), as he looks toward a picture wherein every figure is rounded out just like himself. Some may cry that this idea is a plea for overdone realism. It is not. It is simply an attempt to provide a man with a genuine spirit, not of motion, not of color, or of any other perception than that of simple everyday interest.

The time is not long distant when the cinematograph will be seen in its true proportion to the parent form. There will be better plays and there will be better pictures, for they will have to express their best in order to hold their own, not only against each other, but for themselves. For the most part, the moving pictures that try to tell a story fall short.

The attempt should not be made, and really cannot be made to monopolize the theatre-going public, or, rather, the amusement-seeking public. There should be room for each in its particular field. And if drama has survived all of these centuries, and undergone so many genuine

hardships, been almost extinguished in some countries for long periods, it will certainly survive and hold its dominant position, in spite of the vociferous chistening of one of its children. The moving picture has come to stay, but to stay in its proper place.



SCENE IN THE MOVING PICTURE, "QUEEN ELIZABETH," SHOWING THE QUEEN (SARAH BERNHARDT) GRIEVED AT THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF ESSEX, WHOM SHE HAS HAD BEHEADED



Moffett

SCENE FROM BAYARD VEILLER'S PLAY, "WITHIN THE LAW"
Produced with great success in Chicago and to be seen in New York in September

"PARDON me, my dear fellow, but might I be permitted to inquire whether you are the proprietor of this flourishing and attractive hardware store?"

The time was a bright afternoon in May, in the year of our good Lord, 188—; the place, a certain corner on Market Street, in the bustling city of San Francisco. Leaning back in my chair before my shop, I had felt my eyelids growing weightier and weightier with the stealthy incubus of slumber, engendered by the dazzling glare of the golden Californian sunlight, which beat down upon my unprotected head, rendered doubly so for its shining lack of any hirsute adornment whatever.

Now, like a rumble of thunder, a full-throated voice struck on my benumbed hearing, startling me out of my snooze, and bringing me blinking—gaping—to my unsteady feet. Before me stood a rotund, dapper gentleman, an expansive smile was wrinkling his ample features; from under his left arm protruded a gold-headed cane, while with his gloved right hand he was industriously smoothing a high silk tile, which he had doffed from his long-haired pate. His figure was striking, and his graceful attitude even more so.

"Certainly, sir; certainly," I made answer, as he repeated his query. "Sure, I own this place. That's my name up there." And I pointed to the sign above my head, which read:

JOHN MILLER, Tinsmith.
Dealer in Hardware of All Kinds.

"Anything I can do for you in my line?" I asked, wondering what it could be. "Perhaps you've got a leaky roof; if so, you've come to the right chap to do the job. I'm known all over 'Frisco.

The gentleman waved a grandiloquent negative.

"No, no," he announced in a sonorous voice; "I am in search of a commodity in hardware, that I make bold to believe you are in possession of for purposes of sale." He replaced his hat on his head, gave the interior of my store a sweeping glance, then suddenly cried out: "Ah, there 'tis!" Following the direction of his outstretched walking-stick, I saw he indicated several bundles of wire netting, which I had just received the day before. "The identical thing I want," exclaimed my queer patron, exult-

Hamlet Behind a Net

ingly. "You're a tinsmith, eh?"

"I certainly am," I asserted.

"Good," he ejaculated. "Well"—as

I led the way into the store—"Well, before I enlighten you as to the purport of my visit, allow me to present you my card. You've heard of me, no doubt." He handed me a good-sized bit of paste-board, upon which I read:

JAMES OWEN O'CONNOR,
Tragedian in Repertoire.

"To tell the candid truth, Mr. O'Connor," said I, "I don't remember ever hearing of you before; but then, I'm not a great reader of newspapers——"

"Never heard of me?" exclaimed the other, in a most disappointed tone. "It hardly seems possible—but never mind! Lend me your ears a moment while I explain how I may use you and your goods. Do you think you could furnish enough of this material to cover a space about thirty or forty foot square?"

"More than that, if you wish," I hastened to assure him.

"Most excellent—listen, man of hardware; I'll now purchase enough of this close-meshed wire netting to cover the amount of space I have mentioned. And, let me surely see you on hand at seven o'clock this evening at the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre, where I open in 'Hamlet.' Ask for me. Bring along implements to knit the netting into one piece. Don't forget. Here's your money. Give me your hand, sir." He gave my arm a painful pump-handle shake. "Glad to have met you, tinsmith. Ha! ha! ho! I'll foil 'em to-night."

"Foil who, Mr. O'Connor?"

The tragedian squared his shoulders, buttoned his long frock coat at the top button, and smiled enigmatically:

"You'll learn who—all in good time," he observed, mysteriously. Au revoir. Seven o'clock this evening; Popular Theatre. Be there without fail. I need you."

I held the door open, and, with the liveliest curiosity, followed, with all my eyesight, the whimsical form of my strange caller, as he stalked majestically down the wide street in the afternoon sunshine.

"Say, boss, this James Owen O'Connor must be the greatest



BERTHA KALICH

Otto Sarony Co.

This distinguished Polish actress is now appearing in vaudeville in the one-act drama entitled "The Light from Saint Agnes"



HARRIET WORTHINGTON

Popular actress seen in several metropolitan productions, and now leading woman in the Star Theatre Stock Company in Buffalo

actor ever. Just look at the crowd surrounding the block!" These words in an awe-struck undertone from the lips of my helper, Jack Lane, caused me to gaze about me in unfeigned amazement. It was nearing seven o'clock, and we had driven up to the stage entrance of the Popular Theatre. Between the wagon and our goal (the stage door) was massed a double line of waiting men and boys—these were strung out in Indian file fashion to the full length of the street to right and left, as far as the eye could reach. Constantly the line undulated with serpentine gyrations, for a tumultuous, unruly mob of outsiders scuffled and fought for a squeezing place among the fortunate ones who, in most cases, offered furious resistance to the unwelcome onslaughts of the late comers.

Unloading the bundles of netting from the wagon, Jack and I tried to force a passage through the closely pressed humanity before us. But as well try to storm Gibraltar with a feather. Then we "bucked the line," so to speak, at every possible angle; reconnoitered here, detoured there; but, in every instance, met with unequivocal non-success. Not one would recede from his

insecure place to let us pass inside. Surely these were the most disobliging set of lovers of "Hamlet" I had ever heard of! Indeed, were these admirers of the Bard of Avon or his works?

The noisy place owners were, scarce without exception, wights whom I should never have suspected of delving into the subtle shadings of Shakespeare. In fact, the leering suggestions with which they received my earnest requests for passage-way smacked but little of book-learning, or of anything else worth while or admirable. Nonplussed, Jack and I returned with the netting to our starting place before the wagon. Here, amid a fusillade of jeers from the line, we discussed further ways and means of ingress.

"Hey, Bill, got yer ammunition?" shouted one of the crowd.

"You bet!" and a grinning form held up a small package.

"We got ours, too," came in a laughing chorus from some of the rest.

"I wonder what they mean?" said Jack to me.

"Maybe they've come so early to get a place that they've brought their lunches along," I suggested; to which Jack shook his head, doubtfully.

Just then a piping voice cried: "Look here, mister; gimme a dime, an' I'll let you through." I made out the form of a weazened small boy who was beckoning to me.

"Done, youngster," I returned, and as the boy stepped out of his place for the fraction of a second, Jack and I were enabled to complete the delayed first part of our errand.

Through the narrow stage door, past a doorkeeper in uni-

form, we lugged the two large rolls of wire netting, and found ourselves in a stuffy, cramped space littered with all sorts and sizes of stage "props." The place was in semi-obscurity; dark figures were scurrying about; droning voices were reciting what I judged to be portions of a play. Bang! I collided with a section of a side scene. Down it came on my head, almost crushing my hat over my ears. Simultaneously Jack tripped with his lengthy burden, and crashed to the floor with a rumble and clatter that brought several startled persons to our aid.

"Ah, what have we here?" said a voice which I recognized by its G string intonation.

"It's me, Mr. O'Connor—Miller, the tinsmith, with the wire netting you ordered this afternoon." I had difficulty in making out the actor, for he was now appareled in the mournful garb of the Melancholy Dane.

"The tinsmith—wire netting?" peering; "Oh, I see; yes, indeed. Come this way, while I explain what I would with you, good friend." The tragedian drew me to one side, and placed his mouth close to my ear. "Glance to your right, there you'll

see the footlights; above them, across the space over the stage, is where I wish you to spread this wire netting. 'Tis a wholesome precautionary measure," he added in a raised stage whisper. "The truth is, that I have received exact information from a most reliable source, that a plot exists in this city to break up my show to-night by pelting me with missiles when I appear in the greatest representation of 'Hamlet' ever seen on the American stage!"

"Wh-a-a-t!" I gasped, wide-eyed. A hideous suspicion began to insinuate itself into my dazed brain. Could this be the colorful explanation of the derisive "ammunition" cry by the unkempt double-line strung before the theatre? I wondered. Aloud I queried:

"But, Mr. O'Connor, who would——"

"Who?" thundered the actor, frowning fiercely, and running his large hands through his long, disheveled locks; "who else could concoct the diabolical plan to hold me up to public ridicule but my jealous rivals in the theatrical profession—a plague o' their houses! However, thanks to the bright idea which I have evolved, all the base efforts of their hirelings shall prove to be in vain. Let them howl and hiss—let them throw things. This night, safe and undisturbed behind your wire netting, I will show San Francisco and the whole world a Hamlet, which, in point of perfect acting, far surpasses the best efforts ever put forth by Salvini, Irving, Booth, Barrett, *et al.* Thus shall I be enabled to vindicate myself, and attain that high rung of fame from which I have been so long forcibly deprived by jealous hands." He grasped me by the shoulders and turned me about. Looking me directly in the eyes, he added, in a voice vibrant with solemn earnestness and profound conviction: "Believe me, my friend, I am the peer of any tragedian on the habitable globe!"

Deeply moved by the touching sincerity of the man, I impulsively gave him my hand, saying: "From the bottom of my heart, sir, I really believe that you are!" He thanked me, and gripped my palm like a vise. "Here," thought I, "is an individual from whom one may expect great things—good luck to him, and confusion to his enemies!"

Supplied with two tall ladders, Jack and I clambered up to the dizzy top of the wide stage, and began operations. Soon we had stretched measured strips of the wire netting across the dark, cavernous mouth dividing stage and auditorium. After fastening the netting at the side scene with staples, I joined the several widths by means of small pieces of stout cord, which I knotted at spaces of a yard apart. When, at last, I descended from my perch, and tested the unique contrivance I had reared, it was with

a touch of pardonable professional pride that I turned to O'Connor, standing by a mixed assemblage of stage hands and actors in costume—all of whom had been observing, with great interest, the construction of the wire net. "This'll withstand the assaults of

anything less than a cannon-ball," I assured the tragedian.

"'Tis well," returned O'Connor. He heaved a deep breath; then sweeping the atmosphere with a ponderous gesture, he apostrophized the sepulchral darkness hovering over the empty benches. "Aha!" he cried, in a reverberating guttural; "Aha, ye spirits of mischief, do you petty worst. A hearing I want, and a hearing I shall receive, in spite of your jaundiced selves. *Vive la net!*" He laughed heartily, and everyone of us joined in.

"They're packed ten deep before the theatre, and still coming in droves!" A small, pale-faced man, with a high, silk hat bounced on the stage shouting this breathless information. "Open the doors, and let 'em in," he roared. "Down with the curtain, somebody!" Immediately all was bustle and stir; stage hands ran hither and thither; players in all manner of vari-colored Shakespearian raiment were called to order by a bearded man carrying manuscript, whom they styled the prompter. Now, the slowly descending curtain engaged my attention, and pleased me exceedingly by swinging perfectly clear of my net.

A light touch on my arm caused me to turn about. Beside me stood O'Connor. The star's manner bespoke eagerness: his large eyes twinkled with the refulgence of a sparkling thought. "Look here, Mr. Tinsmith," said this whimsical man, hurriedly: "Would you care to witness this noteworthy representation of 'Hamlet?'—as I assented—"Then you may

do so, and at the same time perform a signal service for O'Connor." He pointed to the front of the stage. "Yonder, at the right side scene, you will find a peep-hole. There station yourself when the play begins. Now and again, during the course of the action, glance out at the audience. Disorder may prevail. If so, endeavor to distinguish those among the noisemakers who fill the part of ringleaders, and encourage the rest to boisterousness or violence. To such the police will attend when the curtain falls at the close of each act."

And so it was that I decided to see "Hamlet" under the strangest circumstances, from the wrong side of the footlights. Having sent my helper off with the wagon outside the stage-door, I took my first look through my diminutive coign of vantage. I saw that the theatre doors had been opened; swarms of people were packing every seat and every inch of available space. They filled the aisles, sat on window

(Continued on page ix)



White
CLEMENTINE DUNDAS
Seen as Ina Claire with Eddie Foy in his musical comedy, "Over the River"



THE MALECON, HAVANA'S BEAUTIFUL OCEAN FRONT BOULEVARD

To the left is seen the Hotel Miramar, a favorite after-theatre resort. In Havana no one sups after the play, audiences partaking of ice cream and soft drinks at the hotels

L IKE some of the rare exotic flowers of the surrounding tropics, gaiety bursts into bloom as twilight deepens in the city of Havana. Then the Prado, which connects Central Park with the Malecon, as the boulevard along the ocean front is called, becomes a fairyland of lights. Bands in several parts of the city strike up martial airs, and all Havana emerges from its cool and comfortable stone houses for a night of pleasure.

The cafés become crowded as if by magic. There is a constant stream of automobiles and carriages up and down the boulevards. The sidewalks, too, are filled with people, all on their way to the theatres. Havana has the largest theatre-going population of any city in the world. With less than three hundred thousand inhabitants it supports a dozen large playhouses, which are devoted to every kind of theatrical entertainment.

The Spanish are a music-loving people, and it is only natural that opera should be the most popular form of theatrical entertainment. The foreign population in Havana is surprisingly small. There are less than 2,000 Americans living there. The city is essentially Spanish, and its tastes are as pronounced as Barcelona's or Seville's.

Havana has opera twelve months out of the year. As a rule, four and even five performances are given every week. The companies that present it are not to be compared with our Metropolitan organization, for in Havana the opera is not a social function. It is an entertainment within the reach of the poorest theatre-goer. The most expensive seats are \$3 (Spanish), which is only \$2.70 American money, and gallery tickets can be purchased for 40 cents.

At the present time the Payret Theatre, which is located within one block of the Central Park, is devoted to grand opera. The National Theatre, formerly known as the Tacon, was the home of opera for a quarter of a century, but as it is being rebuilt, the Payret is being used in its place. The company singing there is headed by Florencio Constantino, the famous Spanish tenor, who made such a favorable impression at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House a few years ago.

The Theatres of Havana

Compared with our beautiful theatres, this barnlike structure seems singularly out of place. But it is typical of Havana theatres. While it seats nearly two thousand in its parquet and four balconies, its foyers and aisles are uncarpeted, and its walls and ceiling are barren of decorations. However,

it is filled with a lively, gay-spirited crowd of handsomely gowned women and stalwart men. The boxes, which are located in the rear of the orchestra chairs, are filled with the aristocracy of Havana in evening attire. They have come in their private limousines and, like the boxholders at the Metropolitan, they talk incessantly during the performance. In marked contrast to them the occupants of the orchestra chairs are wrapped up in the music. They are most enthusiastic when they like a performance, and they do not hesitate to show their disapproval when it is not to their taste. Between the acts there is the usual visiting between friends, and the exodus of the male portion of the audience to the nearest cafés. But unlike New Yorkers, who go out between the acts, they rarely take a drink of liquor. Soft drinks, such as pineapple juice, suffice, and as the waits between the acts are long, they are seated when the curtain rises.

Practically all the operas are sung in Spanish. Occasionally an Italian opera is given in its native tongue, and every year a brief engagement is played by the French Opera Company, which makes its headquarters in New Orleans.

After the performance the greater part of the audience drive to their homes. Cabs in Havana are almost as cheap as the climate. After-theatre suppers are unknown. Now

and then a box party will go to the Telegrafo or Inglaterra Hotel and partake of ices and soft drinks after the opera, but only in the small American colony are supper parties ever given. As in all Spanish countries, the unmarried girls are carefully guarded, and young girls are never seen at the playhouses in the company of young men or without chaperones.

Next in importance to the Payret Theatre is the Teatro Albu,



A HAVANA BELLE AT THE OPERA

to give it its Spanish name. It is another huge, barn-like structure located on the Central Park. The greater part of the year it is devoted to comic opera and musical comedy. A light opera organization that divides its time between Havana and the City of Mexico was playing there when the writer visited Havana recently. Like most comic opera companies outside of the United States it is composed of players who were engaged for their voices and not for their personal appearance or histrionic ability. Judged by Broadway standards, its performances of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Count of Luxemburg," and "Sangre Vienes," the latter a Spanish adaptation of Strauss' "Vienna Life," all of which the writer witnessed, are very poor, but theatre-goers in Havana are not used to carefully-rehearsed, well-acted and lavishly-made productions. All they seem to demand is good music well sung, and they are assured that at the Albisu.

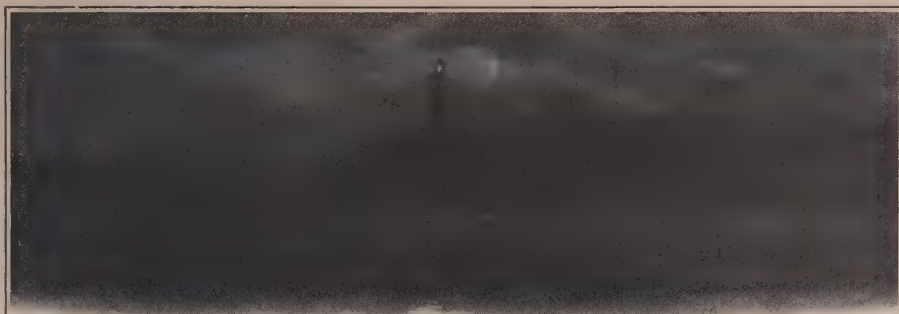
The prices at the Albisu range from 25 cents to a dollar and a half (Spanish). Evening dress is rarely worn except by the occupants of boxes. As at the Payret, there is a general exodus of the male portion of the audience to the street and nearby cafés between the acts to smoke and partake of soft drinks.

Havana has not succeeded in abolishing the speculator nuisance. In front of all the playhouses are to be found loud-mouthed, offensive creatures who have the desirable seats which they sell at an advance of fifty cents. The American visitor is nearly always obliged to buy seats from them, and with American money, which, of course, means more graft, as the American dollar is worth \$1.10 Spanish.

The Marti Theatre, which is perhaps third in importance, is located within two blocks of the Central Park, and is usually devoted to legitimate plays. Most of the Big French and German

successes are translated into Spanish, and they are presented at the Marti by a fairly competent stock company. As far as the productions are concerned, they would not be accepted even in

popular priced theatres in America, but the acting is often very creditable. But even the best Continental dramas and the funniest farce comedies do not attract the audiences that nightly fill the Payret and Albisu Theatres. Opera and musical comedy are the favorites.



EL MORRO AT NIGHT

There are three variety theatres in the capital of Cuba, and, as in New York, two performances are given in them daily. The bills are composed principally of singing and dancing acts, varied with one-act playlets and acrobatic acts. The greatest license is permitted in the variety houses. Many of the songs and dances are extremely suggestive, and the actresses wear the scantiest attire possible. Havana is unmoral rather than immoral, and it is to be expected that the popular priced houses, which are patronized by the poorer classes, should pander to their tastes. Some of the playlets that are presented are beyond description, and as a rule the more suggestive they are the more vigorously they are applauded. The "grizzley bear," the "bunny hug" and other tenderloin dances of our stage are modest compared with the "can-cans" and "rombas" in these variety theatres.

But it is in the moving picture theatres that Havana goes the limit. There are a score of little theatres devoted to them, and in some of them the most daring films are shown. One of these theatres, the Zaza, is for men only. Performances are given hourly, and audiences stand in line an hour or more for admission. Thirty cents (Spanish) buys a ticket, except on Sundays, when matinées for ladies are given. Men are excluded at that time. Not even in Paris are films like these shown publicly.

KARL K. KITCHEN.



THE TEATRO MARTI—ONE OF THE LEADING PLAYHOUSES OF HAVANA

SOMETHING of real moment is a book* on playwriting from the pen of William Archer, the distinguished English dramatic critic. Largely responsible for the introduction of Ibsen's plays to the English-speaking world, and the author of many dramatic criticisms, Mr. Archer may feel satisfied, now that he has crossed the half-century mark, that he has done yeoman service to himself and to those about him.

A Book on Playwriting

The old Aristotlean observations on drama are, for the greater part, universal in that they deal with dramatic law, which exists for all time. But while the definition of a complete action as beginning, middle and end, is true, it is insufficient. That the beginning is where the action commences, the middle that which lies between, and the end the conclusion, scarcely helps matters. It is for the better expression of these things that Mr. Archer has written.

In reading what he has to say, two things must be remembered. First, that it is only one man's opinion, and second, that Mr. Archer has nearly always seen drama from the analytical viewpoint rather than from the constructive side. Now it is quite a feat to take plays apart and see how they run; but it is a genuine achievement to deduce from that operation the laws to which all drama is subject, and by which other plays may be built. Mr. Archer has observed how tragedies are generally put together by dissecting a few; how comedies of the day are made by using his scalpel; but to find a single system by the formulation of his discoveries, whereby both comedies and tragedies may be made in this highly important detail, he has not succeeded.

One of the first requirements of a play is that it must interest its audience. Interest is almost anonymous with doubt—doubt as to outcome. Therefore, for a dramatic action, a full story, with no more or no less, there must be two things contending, and when one or the other is victorious, all is over. Hence a complete action, with beginning, middle and end, is one that has two sides in conflict and a single issue. That brings the old definition to a point where it may be comprehended and applied. The idea of introduction, exposition, climax, dénouement and catastrophe, are true enough for critical purposes, but are not definitive and rigid when it comes to play construction.

Mr. Archer concludes that "there are no rules for writing a play." He is mistaken. There are no everlasting rules; but there are laws from which principles are derived for the making of a technique which, being simply a means to an effect, conforms to the author's mood and to the times. That is to say, the laws are the inflexible demands; the principles are the expressions of these demands, and the rules, which may be broken, are temporary limitations fixed by people and circumstances. To illustrate: unity of action is law, the sequence of scenes is principle, and a race question not to be treated of at this time because of some recent race riot, is a rule.

"No teaching or study," says Mr. Archer, "can enable a man to choose or invent a good story." Certainly not, provided his co-operation is lacking. But with the proper direction of his natural faculties, he may be aided greatly. For example, the definition of a primary emotion and its value as a theme will teach him to recognize dramatic ideas; his invention will operate after being shown how to follow out clues. Start him in with so trivial an idea as a bottle of mucilage. It was used in placing a

stamp on a letter that passed between So-and-so and his friend's wife; and by that process the tyro will soon unveil a domestic scandal that will afford him a stirring play. Not that scandal is necessary, but that scandal happened to be the outcome of this particular example.

He also objects to the rigidity of the scenario. The fact is that a scenario has boundaries. It is not the play itself, it is the framework. It determines the scenes, their objects and their sequence; but there are still many details of minor action left which may be expressed in many ways according to the fancy of the playwright, who still has ample freedom of thought.

He divides successful plays into two classes, those where the "crises" or struggles are either all in or partly out of the frame of the picture. The real reason why "Rosmersholm" is "rather like a winding river" and "Othello" has "a magnificent onward rush," is because the material is different, and that the effects aimed at are unlike, not that either one lacks a complete struggle.

One of the greatest of Mr. Archer's difficulties has been a problem that has confronted every man who ever essayed a text-book, and that is that there is scarcely a term in the English language whose meaning is absolute. On that ground, many of his statements that would seem debatable might be found to be altogether right if we could see them from his own point of view. For instance, when he says: "It may not be unreasonably contended, I think, that when an exposition cannot be thor-



WILLIAM ARCHER

oughly dramatized—that is, wrung out, in the stress of the action, from the characters primarily concerned—it may best be dismissed, rapidly and even conventionally, by any not too improbable device." Is this the way for a dramatist to shirk his obligations? we ask. Give us any exposition to be made, and we can make it, if not in the circumstances suggested, by equally consistent circumstances, and in such a way that the intended significance of the play will remain unchanged. Then, to prove that we have misunderstood him, we turn a page or two and find: "In the vocabulary of the truly ingenious dramatist there is no such word as impossible." Or again, in regard to withholding information from an audience, we are told that "keeping a secret is practically impossible." Now, really, keeping a secret does not mean simply the withholding of facts known to one character and unknown to others; that is a false use of suspense. It means also the facts unknown to any of the characters, having close bearing upon their relations. That kind of secret may be held in reserve. Doubt is of the very nature and essence of drama: the audience's knowledge of everything makes any play unnecessary. To disprove our interpretation this time, we read along and find this: "We may agree that it is often dangerous, and sometimes manifestly foolish, to keep a secret; but, on the other hand, there is certainly no reason why the playwright should blurt out all his secrets at the first opportunity."

On building up an entrance, as it is called, he remarks that "it is essential that only one leading character should remain unseen on whom the attention of the audience may, by that very fact, be riveted." Certainly, it is false drama where the spectator's eyes and ears are on the stage, and his mind off.

The simple warning to avoid anticlimax is a sort of negative, left-handed statement. The real solution concerns itself with how a play may be constructed so that anticlimax cannot occur. If a play has absolute unity of action,

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*"PLAY-MAKING: A MANUAL OF CRAFTSMANSHIP." By William Archer. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.



AS JULIET



HER DEBUT AS PRINCE ARTHUR



AS NARJIS IN "KISMET"

IN "Kismet" was nightly seen a woman who has a claim to distinction not greater perhaps, for nothing is greater than to do well the work it is given us to do, but other than her admirable rendering of the rôle of Narjis, the nurse.

Miss Georgie Woodthorpe has played on the same stage with more geniuses than has any other living actress. To recite the list of the famous stars she has supported resembles Gabriel's task, for it is for the most part calling the roll of the illustrious dead. She was "discovered" and placed upon the stage by J. B. McCullough. She played Ophelia to Edwin Booth's Hamlet. She toured with Ristori. Her childish tears were dried by Fechter. She joined Dion Boucicault and Harry Montague on infantile outings. She owes the preservation of an exquisite complexion to the advice given her by Adelaide Neilson. She played a gipsy boy in the support of Mary Anderson. James A. Herne was one of her stage directors, and David Belasco brought her and himself to grief by falling and tossing her ignominiously into the for once undesired centre of the stage.

Do not let these facts conjure for you a vision of a doddering relic of other days. Miss Woodthorpe is as erect as are any of you who read this. Her eyes are as bright. The health flush in her cheeks is as deeply pink. Her step is as light, and her spirits are as buoyant. She is far from being in semblance or in spirit an old woman. For the years have rolled rapidly on since magnetic McCullough lifted her in his arms, and shed real tears upon her face. But remember that she was the "baby actress" of the Old California Stock Company when she began to support these stars of other nights.

Miss Woodthorpe inherited none of her ability. At least so said her mother, who was a good wife, unless it be essential that a good wife have a bump of reverence. That asset she distinctly lacked, for one of Miss Woodthorpe's first recollections is of hearing her mother say:

"I wish your father would stop all this amateur theatrical nonsense, for he can't act. He thinks he can, but he can't."

By whatever trick of nature she received that gift, J. B. McCullough, resting with Barton Hill at the Old Kelsey House, still standing in Oakland, and which was a week-

An Aristocrat of the Stage

end rendezvous of actors then playing in San Francisco, heard the child of five years recite at an impromptu entertainment in the basement, and he marvelled at her cleverness.

On the next Monday little Georgie was taken home from school, her mother having sent a messenger for her, and, arrived there, looked up into the face of a big man who smiled at her.

"He was a tall, handsome man, with a fine fresh complexion and a delightful smile," Miss Woodthorpe told me. "I joined the universal army of people who liked J. B. McCullough, for no one could help it. His friends were legion."

"Do you remember me, Little Girl?" he asked.

"Yeth, you are the big man at the hotel."

"Would you like to be an actress?"

"Yeth thir," said I.

"He persuaded my mother to let me join the California Theatre Stock Company, and I made my début soon afterwards as Prince Arthur. Well I remember it, for Mr. McCullough played Falconbridge, and when he carried me, presumably dead, on the stage, his extended arms shook, and his tears fell upon my face.

"The unconscious acting of childhood," he said afterwards. 'Little Girl, you'll never know how great you were.'"

Thereafter Georgie Woodthorpe was "The Little Girl" of the Old California Theatre Stock Company, supporting its stars, and going on tour with some of them. After a few years she transferred her activities to the Old Baldwin. She was an institution. Visiting stars heard of the wonderful child who could be relied upon, and made no more anxious inquiries for a child for the plays requiring one. One of the shocks of her new experience in the new environment was given by Edwin Booth.

"Mr. Booth complained one night while making up for Hamlet of being both hungry and thirsty.

"Run across the street," he said to his dresser, 'and bring me some beer and bologna, and plenty of it.'

"I stood outside his dressing room five minutes later staring at the unexpected sight of the great Booth drinking beer and eating bologna, and enjoying them. I thought he would at least have champagne and truffles.



Photo Bushnell

MISS GEORGIE WOODTHORPE



White GLADYS ZELL
In "The Winsome Widow" at the Moulin Rouge

dominance of his spirit, make himself look very tall on the stage. Bandmann's soliloquy was the finest I ever heard. He used to prepare for it in an unusual way. He had a screen placed for himself in the wings, and he used to withdraw to that for five minutes or more before it was time to go on. Fascinatedly, I used to peer at him around the screen. I, being a child, he paid no attention to me, but what I saw frightened me. I saw not the genial Mr. Bandmann, but a strange person remote from all earthly considerations, in the first stage of a trance. When he walked on the stage that sense of remoteness continued. He seemed to grope his way to a chair in the middle of the stage. He did not seem to see the chair, but to feel his way toward it, and when he half fell across it began the soliloquy.

"We hear of salaries being better now than they were in those days. I don't find them so. I received fifty dollars a week as a child actress at the Old California Theatre. One day I was crying in the wings at the stage door, and telling the doorkeeper that I had lost my pocketbook, when Fechter and his wife passed me. Mrs. Fechter did not notice me, but the actor stopped, and in his broken English said: 'Don'd cry, Little Girl. Here it is,' handing me the amount of my salary. Later on I went to the Baldwin Theatre, where they paid me \$25. Maude Adams was playing there at the time, and received the same salary.

"Ristori affected my childish imagination most unpleasantly.

Summing my impressions of her, I should say that she was Lady Macbeth both off the stage as well as on. She always dressed sombrely in black. She was always the tragedy queen, aloof in body and spirit. When I played a scene with her she did not reach forward for my hand with the gesture most persons use with a child, but seized me as though I were a piece of furniture. I was horribly frightened whenever she was about. To my childish mind she seemed a very poor woman. This was because she seemed so angry when the houses were small. I traveled with her to Portland, and cowered back into the wings

when I saw her sweep off the stage exclaiming: 'That house, Oh, that house!' Long afterwards I learned that she was really wealthy. The only time I ever saw her relax and seem ordinary, a being with human tastes, was while we were on the steamship going to Portland from San Francisco. There I heard her laugh once, as she caught up her queer little dog, a naked little black fellow (I suppose he was a Chihuahua), and playfully pressed his shivering little body to her cheek.

"Adelaide Neilson was the most delightful of my memories. She had a most engaging personality. She always came on the stage for rehearsals with a gay little bow to everyone, and an inquiry for the health of all. I happened to be posing at a photographer's the same day she was, and she seemed to take pleasure in posing me herself.

"She said to me one day: 'You have a very good complexion. Be sure to take care of it. Don't use grease paint.' She told me of a balm she used herself. I have watched it for three decades appearing in different guises. 'Put that on first,' she said. 'Then powder your face with dropped chalk. That is enough.' I have followed her advice and kept my skin in good condition as you see. Everybody loved Adelaide Neilson.

"With Helena Modjeska I toured for nine months. She was very poor. She lived in a furnished room in Turk Street, and took her meals at cheap restaurants. She cried once because a Sacramento audience laughed at her English pronunciation. At Virginia City she was puzzled because one of the newspapers said: 'Now that we have Mme. Modjeska with us, she is a white elephant on our hands.' 'What is zat?' she asked the manager. 'I do not look like an elephant. Tell me what it does mean.' Afterwards someone gave a little banquet, and had the cake in the middle of the table ornamented with an elephant of white icing. We were on tour for nine months. There were no salaries, only pitiable little advances, just enough to keep us going somehow. My parents wrote me again and again to go home. Again and again madame begged me, with tears in her beautiful, eloquent eyes, to stay. At last my parents insisted. I returned to San Francisco without a dollar. My shoe heels were run down, my hat and frock shabby. I looked so forlorn that my mother wept at sight of me. Mme. Modjeska had told me to call on her when they were settled in San Francisco. I went to the poor room on Turk Street. She cried as though her heart was breaking as she handed me all the money she had, ten dollars. In Chicago I met her afterwards, and she said to me: 'I am making a little money now, but the more I make the heavier are my obligations. It costs so much to develop Arden.'



White IONE BRIGHT
Seen in "Officer 666" at the Gaiety



Moffett MARIE ASHTON
In the Chicago production of "Officer 666"



White FRANCES CAMERON
Recently seen in "Two Little Brides"

That was their ranch in Southern California. But she gave me the keys to her trunks, and said: 'You may have all my last year's wardrobe.' When I called at the hotel I was not allowed to see the trunks. Either Madame had forgotten or there was some mistake.

"Dear Billy Florence. My chief recollection of him was that his wife would not allow him to partake of strong drink if she were present, and how he used to laugh when detected, and explain: 'This is the first drink, so it won't count.'

"Mary Anderson did not stir my childish heart to admiration. She seemed to me awkward. I admired only her Meg Merrilies. It seemed wonderful to me that a young woman could play that part so well. She was chaperoned, I remember, by a tall, cadaverous man, a relative I think. J. B. McCullough used to come to the stage door and say, 'Is old man Griffin gone? Well, come and tell me when he goes.' The door-tender obeyed, and Miss Anderson would appear, smiling, upon the arm of the tragedian, who accompanied her to her hotel. If she were late, he always went to the hotel for her. Miss Anderson never noticed any of the company except Mr. McCullough. She was a distant young woman, and I contrasted her with my idol, Adelaide Neilson, in favor of Miss Neilson.

"Dion Boucicault used to take pleasure in being nice to 'The Little Girl.' He used to say to handsome Harry Montague: 'Get your hat. I'm going to take the child across the bay for an outing. It will do her good.' Between handsome Mr. Montague and brilliant Mr. Boucicault I used to toddle on the ferryboat, sit on deck, and pay an eager visit to candy shops. Mr. Boucicault had already begun to decline. Twenty years afterward I was in New York when the curtain rang down upon him. I bought a few flowers and went with my brother, 'Bud' Woodthorpe, now stage manager for W. H. Crane, to pay our respects to the dead. Wm. H. Crane was there and admitted us. He and Mrs. Louise Thorn-dyke Boucicault were the only watchers beside the coffin. I laid my handful of flowers upon the casket, and was shocked to see the transformation. His hair was white, and he looked a very old man. Mine were the only flowers. The first flowers laid upon the casket were placed there by 'The Little Girl' to whom he had been kind.

"James A. Herne was the stage director of the Baldwin Theatre when a benefit performance was to be given, and there was some difficulty about finding a juvenile leading man. Mr. Herne came to me smiling and said: 'Georgie, I've found a nice young man to play your lover. He isn't an actor, but he's a very fine young man.' That afternoon I saw a very handsome youth, with curly hair and wonderful dark eyes, at rehearsal. I thought he was poorly dressed, and wished that my lover did not have 'kind regards' on the lapel of his coat, and that his hatband were fresher. But we got on very well until, while he was carrying me on the stage, he stumbled and fell and threw me upon the stage. The fall hurt me, and I was indignant. Mr. Herne laughed and swore. The young man nearly cried. He apologized, and I saw that he shook from nervousness, and that his lips were white. That young man was David Belasco.

"Lester Wallack came to us shortly before his death. 'It was impossible to convince San Franciscans that this was Lester Wallack, though he put on his own play 'Rosedale.' His famous virile beauty was gone. He was an old man, but very much made-up. He looked in that make-up like the character, Baron Chevrial. His hair was dyed and his moustache waxed and turned up at the ends. His face was seamed and tired. He came for six weeks and only stayed for two. He was very quiet at rehearsals, but courteous.

"With the memory of a tall man with long, Indian-like black hair, I associate the turning tide of my life. Augustin Daly had brought the Daly company to San Francisco. With it were Fanny Davenport, very beautiful and very detached, and Jeffreys Lewis, quite as beautiful, who straightway became my idol, because she was one of those women who love and spoil children. Mr. Daly came to our home on Shotwell

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A NEW PORTRAIT OF GABY DESLYS

Theatre Orchestras



White

ANNA DUSSERT

Recently seen as Maid Marian in the revival of "Robin Hood"

THE recent strike in certain of the New York playhouses of the theatre orchestra once more draws attention to this particular feature of the theatrical business, a feature once highly popular, in fact, deemed indispensable, but against which there has for some time been a steadily growing opposition, resulting in some houses in the orchestra being abolished altogether.

The present unpopularity of the theatre orchestra is, no doubt, due to the misconception of the orchestra's real place in music, and a very natural contempt for this medium as it is displayed in the "theatre band." The average theatre orchestra is to-day regarded with complete indifference by the habitual playgoer, is barely tolerated even by the "country cousin," and is an object of derision and a source of mental anguish to those of musical sensibility and training.

The first thing that strikes a musician who happens to examine the make-up of these so-called orchestras is the total disregard of what is called "tonal balance," a disregard which becomes the more striking as the size of the band decreases; for, no matter

how tiny and economical the instrumental section becomes, the overpowering drum always manages to survive. Indeed, the amazing combination of violin, piano and drum is often to be found in the poorer vaudeville "houses."

The usual New York theatre orchestra nowadays consists of about twelve players, most of them individually capable musicians, but operating in a most uninspiring environment. The size of the band is determined, not only by the available space between the first row of seats and the stage, but also by potent fiscal considerations. Whatever the reason for the peculiar allotment or size of the band, its composition is almost invariably absurd. When we consider the cost of these energetic but ineffectual groups of players, it all seems pitifully extravagant, particularly when we know how easily, with a little knowledge of the possibilities of small instrumental combinations, these orchestras could be re-arranged into highly effective and delightful institutions.

The standard symphonic orchestra, sometimes called "the Beethoven orchestra," has been substantially unchanged in its proportions for over a hundred years, and every student of instrumentation (or orchestration) knows that this symphonic orchestra is based on its "strings;" and, whether there be twenty or seventy of these, there remains always a fixed proportion of "wind-players," generally a pair of flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons and trumpets, four horns and three trombones, drums and an occasional harp. Of course, we are not advocating or expecting theatre managers to promptly install symphonic orchestras just because some of us yearn for these things; what we here seek to discover is why they so consistently ignore the time-honored and well-known artistic principles that govern the combination of instruments. We naturally wish to know why we must always have a lusty group of wood, brass and percussion players rioting along, accompanied by four or six desperate and nearly inaudible "strings?" "Tonal balance" here becomes a joke.

Many of us gratefully recall the intelligent experiment that was tried at the Garrick Theatre in 1895, when Richard Mansfield was conducting it. He there introduced a body of nine strings, constituted thus: Two first and two second violins, two violas, two 'cellos and a bass, all in the hands of picked men and provided with music, original or arranged, admirably adapted, not only to this force of strings, but also to the work on the stage. This sort of thing has also been tried in other theatres from time to time; why it does not become popular is a mystery to many weary souls who loathe the present blatant devices. The theatre manager might well take a lesson from the restaurant orchestras. These are generally far superior to the theatre bands, probably because they are managed by French or Italian musicians, commonly supposed to be notable for an inborn sense of proportion and fitness in such matters.

Many of us recall, particularly, an excellent band in a restaurant on Sixth Avenue near Twenty-eighth Street. This band was composed of two violins, clarinet, 'cello and piano. They played everything ever written, apparently, and the tonal balance was highly grateful to the jaded ear. There was no blatant brass, no shrill flute, no maddening drum; the crisp rhythm of the piano adequately supplanted the noisy, thick, uncertain instruments that are relied on in theatre orchestras for the fundamental and inner voices. Unhampered by a disorganized crowd of melodic instruments, the two violins sang with captivating unison, the element of contrast being admirably supplied by clarinet and 'cello. We are well aware that the limited scope of such a combination would cause it to pall, ere long, upon the cultivated musical ear; but it is infinitely better than what we are accustomed to from the ordinary theatre orchestra; it is, at any rate, more artistic and cheaper.

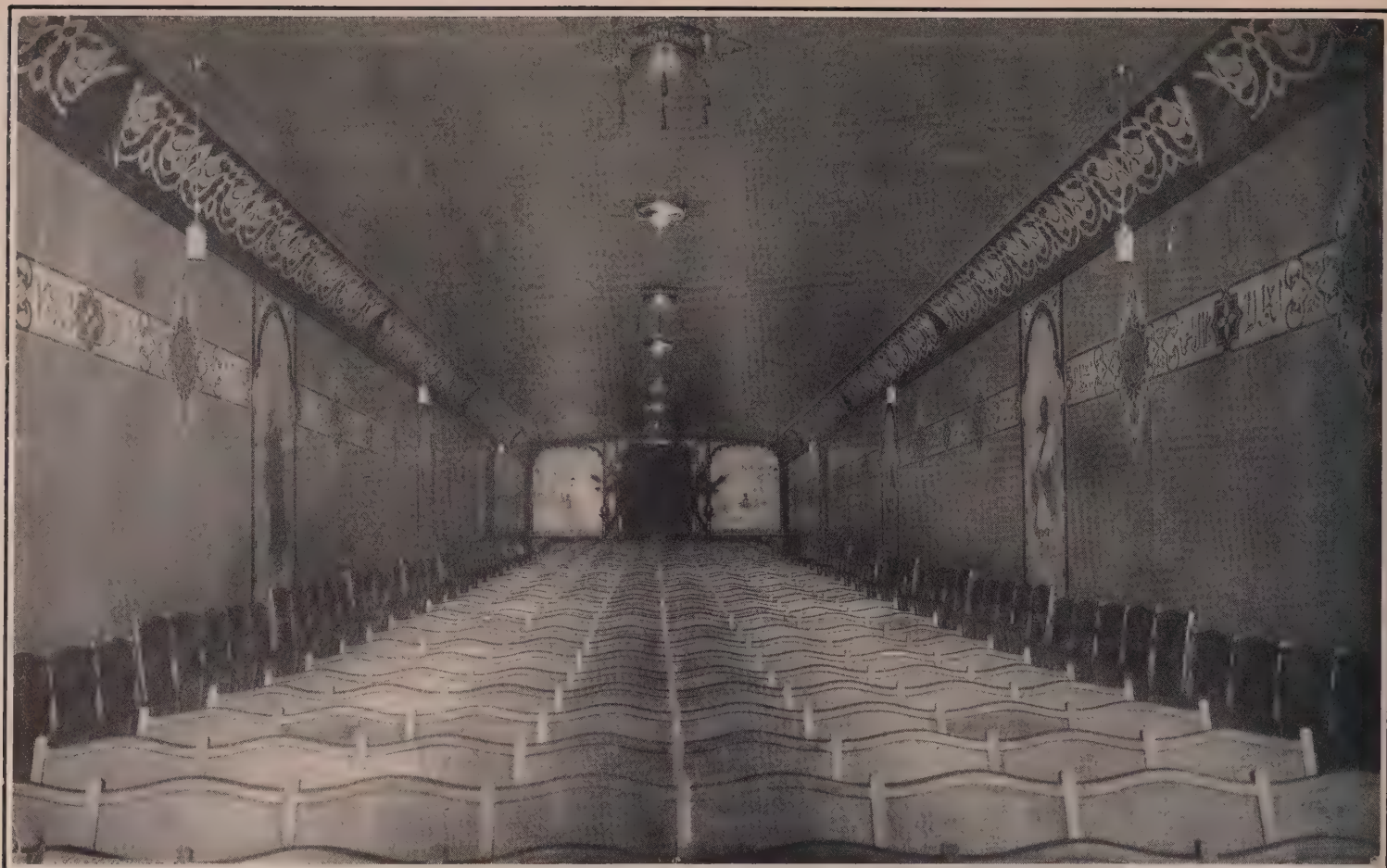
There can be no doubt that the "Chocolate Soldier" and other operettas of this type, now so firmly

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POPULAR YOUNG ACTRESSES RECENTLY SEEN IN IMPORTANT METROPOLITAN PRODUCTIONS

1. Frances Reeve, recently seen as Lady Cudworth in "Disraeli." 2. Mary Carter, who played Mary McGovern in "Graft." 3. Louise Rutter, seen as Margaret Summers in "Passers-By." 4. Grace La Rue, who has been appearing in "Betsy"



INTERIOR OF A FLOATING MOVING PICTURE THEATRE IN HOLLAND. IT IS 160 FEET LONG AND HOLDS 430 PEOPLE

WHEN the great thaw begins in the spring, and the ice formed on the Missis-

The Floating Theatre

issippi and other big western rivers breaks up, so as to permit free navigation once more, the small river towns are so "show hungry" that they look forward to the coming of the "first show" boat or floating theatre. There is a race between the show boats then to get the first picking of the most desirable towns. Sometimes the competition extends to the point where actors and actresses indulge in a little egg throwing of their own.

When the "Faust," an old scow converted into a "show boat" in 1873, entered a small river town with "the biggest and grandest show on earth," after two days of battling with the ice, the hardy navigator and chief actor of the outfit was chagrined to find the "Wonderland" already warping up to the dock just ahead of them. There was not room for two, but the owner of the "Faust" was not the kind to retreat in the face of opposition.

"Boys, we must board the enemy and take possession," he announced after a survey of the field. The "Faust" apparently bumped accidentally against the "Wonderland," and amid curses and unpleasant words the crew of the former walked aboard and paid their compliments. There followed a wordy war, and then a more active one, which resulted in the overpowering of the crew of the "Wonderland." The captors were locked up in their cabin, while the enterprising press agent issued notice that the play offered by the "Wonderland" would be postponed for three nights. The big play, prepared by the "Faust" company, was given for three nights. Then the boat slipped away, and the "Wonderland" crew went ashore to secure warrants for the arrest of their competitor. But what was the use? The "Faust" was miles down the river playing to new audiences.

Your modern city theatre-goer and first-nighter, sated with shows and plays, and tired of the whole business by the time spring arrives, has no conception of the novelty and popularity of the floating theatres when the rivers are first opened to navigation. The towns are for the most part outside of the regular theatre circuit, and many of them have no hall or opera house suitable for the one-night troupes. They have to hibernate all

winter, so far as theatrical performances are concerned, and they are literally showmad when spring

arrives. Every man, woman and child will raise the price of a ticket if he has to sell the winter overcoat or last year's plow. They come from the outskirts of the town in numbers, and the first show night is an epoch in the town's life.

There have been show boats, traveling theatres, itinerant entertainers, dancers and minstrels on the Mississippi for nearly a century, and each year they have been growing bigger and more elaborate. They began with old keel-boats, flat-boats and scows, which had to be poled along or towed by the river steamers. In 1817 a show boat company was organized by N. M. Ludlow, and it floated down the Cumberland River to the Ohio, and then down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Since then itinerant arks of all kinds have imitated this first show boat that we have any record of.

After the Civil War, trading boats did a splendid business on these great inland waterways, and often to attract trade the owners would give free exhibitions of dancers, sleight-of-hand and other performances. One trader, when competition was severe, carried a dentist who extracted teeth free for every one who bought five dollars' worth of goods. Another drew trade by dispensing free medicine, which was guaranteed to cure about every ill that flesh is heir to. A third enterprising trade was a licensed Methodist minister, and on Sundays he preached to his patrons, baptized, christened, married and performed the funeral service if needed. It was all free to whomsoever patronized the floating store through the week. In time these trading boats increased the show end of their business by carrying minstrels, mimics and even a troupe of actors. Of course, the actors and actresses were merely clerks and delivery boys in the daytime, but so artfully were their features and forms concealed at night by paint and wigs that few recognized them.

The legitimate drama came next. It was found that people were show hungry, and that it would pay to get up plays just for amusement without any side issue of trade. But it took a long time to dissociate the two.

(Continued on page vi)



KATHERINE GREY

This well-known actress, who recently returned to the local stage after an extensive tour through Australia, is now appearing in vaudeville in a powerful one-act drama, entitled "Above the Law," adapted from Brieux's play, "La Robe Rouge"



Photo Doyle

THE CORT, SAN FRANCISCO'S LATEST IMPOSING THEATRE

SAN FRANCISCO'S THEATRICAL REHABILITATION

PERHAPS the most astonishing feature of San Francisco's rapid recovery from the stupendous catastrophe which in 1906 staggered the world, is the remarkable construction of costly theatre buildings which have sprung up as if by magic in the former "burned district." This theatrical rehabilitation is unparalleled, absolutely unique, and could have occurred only in the progressive city by the Golden Gate.

Six years ago, on the night of April 17, 1906; every theatre in California's flourishing metropolis was crowded with interested spectators. The flower of the city gathered in the Grand Opera House, where Caruso and the Metropolitan Opera House Company gave a splendid performance of Bizet's "Carmen." It was the second offering of a two-weeks' season that promised to be a record-breaker, for over \$90,000 had already been paid into the box office. At five o'clock the next morning the city was shaken by a terrific earthquake, and in the wake of the tremor came a destructive fire that wiped out every notable playhouse of which San Francisco then boasted—the Alcazar, California, Central, Columbia, Fischer's, Grand Opera House, Majestic, Orpheum, and Tivoli. The only theatrical landmark that escaped the greedy flames was Lotta's Fountain,

which stands at the intersection of Market, Geary and Kearney Streets, in the very heart of the splendid new shopping district.

It is almost impossible for an outsider to appreciate the chaotic conditions that existed in San Francisco after 400 square blocks of buildings were reduced to ashes and ruins, and all water, light and street car service had been cut off.

The spirit of the people, however, remained undaunted, and despite the fact that on the night of April 17th thousands of light-hearted theatre-goers had shaved eternity, escaping a hideous holocaust by the narrow margin of some five hours, the possibility of further danger did not lessen their love for amusement in the least. In fact, only two months later, when lights and dependable car service were re-established in the unburned residence section, hundreds of people each evening made the pilgrimage to the Chutes, a pleasure park, opposite Golden Gate Park, where vaudeville performances were given under the management of the Orpheum Theatre.

On August 11th, the old Central Theatre Stock Company began a profitable season of melodrama in a tent, and when a circus took advantage of the dearth of attractions and opened on September 22d, the receipts for the six performances were said by



Lotta's Fountain, the only theatrical landmark that escaped the flames. It was presented to San Francisco by Lotta Crabtree, a great favorite in the seventies



Orpheum, million-dollar home of vaudeville

stantial playhouse in the burned district to open its doors. That was on October 7, 1907. The writer will never forget a performance of "In the Bishop's Carriage" he saw there during those early reconstruction days. The car service was wretched, and when we alighted in front of the theatre about half an hour late, darkness and mystery reigned beyond the well-lighted entrance. Street lamps had not yet been installed, and all we could see as we looked down the thoroughfare were ghostly ruins and tangled debris. Not a soul was in sight. It was a depressing sight even to the courageous.

On January 2, 1907, the Central Theatre opened in a frame building at its old location on Market Street and once again the lovers of lurid melodrama were out in full force. The man-

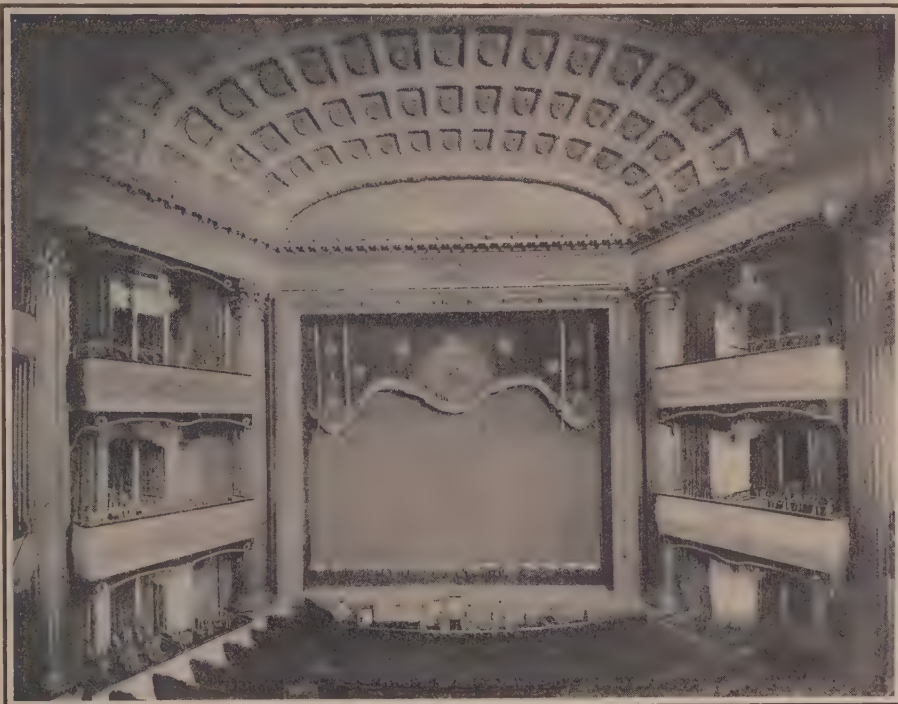
agement made no attempt at interior decorations, and as there were neither galleries nor chandeliers overhead, the public felt perfectly safe against stormy weather, fire, or even earthquake. Twenty days later, the American Theatre, on Market, above Seventh, was ready for its christening. It was nearly completed at the time of the catastrophe, and stood as the one building left in that location after the fire. It was here San Francisco received its first real taste of comic opera. Several local favorites were in the cast, and as the large audience filed into the "Class A" building, which was widely advertised by the management as the "safest" theatre in town, they found the lobby lined with "good luck" floral pieces. The interior proved cozy and the building was by far the most pretentious theatre erected up to that time.

These were the days when matinées were largely attended by women without escorts, since many considered it quite an heroic undertaking to go downtown at night. As a matter of fact one of the most familiar sights after an evening performance was the spectacle of a group of disconsolate would-be passengers,

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Frederick Belasco's new Alcazar Theatre



Beautiful interior of the Columbia Theatre

of the most familiar sights after an evening performance was the spectacle of a group of disconsolate would-be passengers,



Photo Waters

The new Columbia's impressive facade



The Princess Theatre



Tent theatre where performances were given six months after fire

standing at a street corner straining a hopeful eye down the dark vistas of an unoccupied track, waiting patiently for a car to put in an appearance. During the rainy weather this was particularly unpleasant, for there were no awnings under which one might seek shelter, the streets were deep with mud, and even the sidewalks were filled with dangerous holes and pitfalls.

The majority of the theatres, like the rest of San Francisco, sought quarters adjacent to Fillmore Street, which had good car accommodations. For years it had been a sleepy residence street, but the fire transformed it overnight into a busy retail centre, and for two years it was crowded nightly with dense throngs that patronized the gay theatres, cafés and nickelodeons sprinkled along about ten blocks as well as the streets debouching from them.

Kolb and Dill, a very popular German dialect team, were the first to open in this section. They crowded the Davis Theatre, a bandbox of a playhouse, at McAllister and Fillmore, until their temporary shack was declared a fire-trap, when they moved to the Princess, a reinforced concrete structure, that is now devoted to moving pictures and vaudeville.

Then came in swift succession the Novelty Theatre, at O'Farrell, near Fillmore, which for a time housed the Frohman attractions; the Orpheum, adjoining the Princess, and the Alcazar, at Sutter and Steiner.

The opening of the Orpheum, on March 11,

1907, showed the spirit of the city. At six o'clock it seemed as though several days would be required for the completion of the place, which was filled with carpenters and mechanics. In fact, the men worked until almost the moment before the curtain went up. But the good natured audience overlooked all shortcomings, and enjoyed the excellent vaudeville performance, even though the theatre reeked with the odors of paint and plaster.

There was more genuine heart sentiment expressed over the return of Frederick Belasco's Alcazar to the theatrical arena, just eleven months after the fire, than was the case at any other housewarming. For one thing, the Alcazar retained its old name; for another, the business management was practically the same; and, last and most important, the majority of the members of the company still remained.

Stormy weather did not deter any one from attending the opening night on March 18, 1907. Hundreds of the regular patrons of the old O'Farrell playhouse were anxious to show their loyalty to the management and their friends in the company. Nance O'Neil, Virginia Harned, Florence Roberts, James K. Hackett, Burr McIntosh and Max Figman played starring engagements in this handsome "Class A" Mission structure of steel and concrete, which has recently been renamed the Republic and turned over for five years to cheap vaudeville. The auditorium is admirably proportioned, and every one of the 1,425 seats in the house



Class "A" theatre not equal to the earthquake



The first permanent theatre completed after the fire

gets a perfect view of the stage. This house is very popular.

The opening of the \$200,000 Van Ness Theatre on March 11, 1907, was the first occasion after the fire that society dressed in all its old-time gorgeousness. The two thousand seats were filled nightly during the engagement of Henry W. Savage's English version of Puccini's "Madama Butterfly," standing room being at a premium. It was good to see the line of carriages and autos spread over the noble space of the avenue, which is named after James Van Ness, one of the benefactors of the municipality. The

engagements, Terry and Irving, Sarah Bernhardt, the Conreid Opera Company, the Grau Opera Company, the Metropolitan Opera House Company, and the last appearance here of Richard Mansfield, were surpassed. When the box office opened there was a string of humanity in single file extending along O'Farrell street to Powell, down Powell to Ellis, and for a short distance around the corner on Ellis. For thirty-seven hours hundreds of patient buyers were in line. A number of messenger boys had appeared at the theatre doors Saturday night and spent two en-



White

Erville Alderson

Ernest Leonard

Vivia Ogden

May Milloy

Act I. Vivia Ogden, as the New England mother, appeals to Heaven to protect the heroine, whom the stern father is turning out because "there's a snow storm comin'".
SCENE IN EVERETT SHINN'S BURLESQUE MELODRAMA, "MORE SINNED AGAINST THAN USUAL," RECENTLY PRESENTED
AT THE FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE

career of the theatre, which was reared on the site of his old home, was short-lived, for as soon as the new Columbia was completed, the temporary structure was razed to the ground.

Over in the congested Mission district, which is the most populous section of San Francisco, the Valencia Theatre, costing a quarter of a million dollars, was started at the time of the panic in 1907. It is another reinforced concrete building, with an equipment as good as any theatre in the West. The stage is seventy-six feet wide by forty feet deep and the proscenium arch rises to a height of about sixty-five feet. It was opened with a high-class stock company on September 8, 1908, and after a year took care of the Shubert productions. Maud Allen, the Imperial Russian ballet, and a lengthy season of French grand opera, are a few attractions that have made this splendid theatre an important factor in our amusement life.

In the spring of 1909 there was a general exodus of the important firms from Fillmore Street and Van Ness Avenue to the new shopping and business district downtown. The hotels and cafés were the first "home again," and then came the theatres. The million-dollar Orpheum opened on April 19th at its old location on O'Farrell Street, near Powell. The "three-years-after" anniversary was a big event, and the Orpheum's housewarming gave a sort of official stamp to the downtown section.

In length, the line of ticket purchasers for the first night exceeded any other in the history of San Francisco theatricals. Even the famous lines for the premières of the Adelina Patti

tire nights in waiting, snatching a little sleep while they sat on the sidewalks.

The first night proved a great success. Mayor Edward Robson Taylor delivered a brief address from a box and the whole audience, numbering over 2,500 people, stood while Zelle de Lussan sang "The Star Spangled Banner." The program ended with a series of motion pictures showing old San Francisco, and every one had the strange sensation of seeing things as they were "before the fire."

When planning this beautiful theatre, Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., who controls a circuit with first-class houses in twenty-seven cities, insisted first of all that it should be absolutely fire and earthquake proof. As a result, the new Orpheum is not only the safest theatre in San Francisco, but the safest in the world. It cannot catch fire. Everything about the building is unburnable. Even the window panes are of wire glass, which will not break in fire. As for the sashes and frames, they are of steel. The seats are wooden only because iron is cold and hard to sit upon. The floor is of thick cement, covered with an inch or so of wood, because cement is noisy to walk upon. You can set fire to the seats and they would burn up, but nothing else would—because there isn't anything else to burn.

The next milestone in San Francisco's new theatrical life was reached on January 10, 1910, when William H. Crane appeared in "Father and the Boys" at the New Columbia Theatre, in Geary near Mason Street. For convenience,

(Continued on page xi)



GROUP IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE. FISHING CONTEST

“WHAT do the player folk of Paris do in summer time?” A Theatrical Fishing Contest

of types that you question whether anyone has really left the city.

I asked my friend, the Expatriate, exiled by choice, not necessity.

She raised an amused eyelid. “Paris is never so much Paris as when they are all away.” She disposed of the “they” with a negligent gesture, which seemed to include all those listed in “*Qui Etes Vous*.”

The loyal Parisians—and certainly the stage people belong to this order—consider every journeying away from the beloved boulevards in the light of a tragedy, to be averted if possible, to be lived through with a single glimmer of hope—that of returning, if unavoidable. Such a summer as that of 1911 is, of course, exceptional. Paris was then like a beautiful woman, suddenly disfigured, from whom her one-time admirers ran in terror and dismay.

That special population of the French capital is indifferent to climatic conditions; only the unexceptional has power to tear up roots of life-long habit. Under the spreading chestnut trees, *tout Paris* opens its umbrellas and waits for the sun to shine. It does, frequently, and immediately the gay out-of-door life begins anew, skirts drop, chiffons are renovated, feathers and flowers become all the perkier for the temporary sprinkling.

Soon after the Grand Prix, which practically ends the racing seasons for Americans, the tourists fly away by motor, train and channel crossings. The “hotels” of the aristocracy are closed. Fashion trails from one cure to another, seeking distraction and, incidentally, health; making or receiving visits on board yachts, in beach villas or speeding limousines. But this is only an insignificant percentage of the whole, and with its departure Paris breathes a sigh of relief. It is now in possession of the real lovers, who have waited, bored, impatient, irritated.

You see them, joyous in their regained possession, sitting for hours on the sidewalk “terrace” of the Café de la Paix, or grouped about the enameled tables of the Café Madrid, Pré Catalan, Armenonville, L’hermitage, before which pass such an endless procession

The haunts of this population are, in truth, little known. They made the Moulin Rouge famous and the Jardin de Paris. They did the same kind of act for the Abbey, of which Anglo Saxons still speak with the bated breath of the “sad dog” type. Then, when Americans and English followed, they disappeared, to find other places where the same programme will be repeated. They smile that one should find the Grand Prix interesting, and in a low tone refer to other “concours,” some of which never reach the prestige of the printed page.

It was to one of these contests that my friend suggested that we go, actuated by my curiosity concerning the vacation of the theatric people. To my bromidian speech that we were not expected, she raised the unused eyelid and epigrammatically announced that it was very commonplace to go only where one is invited, that such a procedure is sure to rob life of one of its most pungent zests—the unexpected.

So, early one morning we found ourselves in the Bois de Boulogne at the Great Lake. It was at that hour a wooded solitude the splash of the minnow, the call of the bird, the step of the occasional pedestrian, the only sounds to break the serenity of the matinal hour.

As we stood on the tiny bridge for a moment, that connects two islets, we viewed a photographer arranging his apparatus at the pavilion Azais, the avant courier of the function. Here and there along the borders of the beautiful sheet of water, shadowed by willows, planes and chestnuts, we noted poles stuck in the ground, dividing the demesne into sections, each pole bearing a mystic number.

Until I saw those black figures on the white placards I had actually not thought to ask concerning the details of our quest. That I was to see something foreign and something that every American did not see had been all sufficient data, particularly as the *mise en scène* had been selected apparently with a view to my personal delectation—the wonderful Paris woodland in the morn-



The tombs of Madame Pouillot and her husband at Père La Chaise. Madame Pouillot was a guest of honor at the Fisherman's Contest

ing when it is always to be enjoyed at its very best.

My questions now, however, came thick and fast, and I learned that *Comoedia*, the authoritative journal in Paris on stage matters, had organized an out-of-door contest for the theatre people remaining in town who were interested in fishing, or thought they were, a wording which left a generous margin of decision to draw upon.

The right of entry demanded that the fisherman should belong to "the profession" and should know a fish when he saw it. It was intimated that no doubt from this humble beginning a large society would inevitably grow, embracing possibly all the Izaak Waltons of France. The name of "Le Goujonette" (the little gudgeon) was suggested as an appropriate title.

At ten thirty we were still in undisputed possession of that portion of the Bois. Shortly after, one of the management of the fête, who was strolling about with a supervising eye, explained that while many of the fishermen might not get to the contest, they were sure to arrive on time at the midday luncheon to be held at the Alcazar, the well-known restaurant on the Champs Elysées. He invited us to attend, stating that they would all consider it an honor. We would be the only Americans.

After a dramatic hesitation, which we considered was rather well done, we accepted.

The manager did his fishing contestants injustice, for soon they began to arrive until our isolated retreat resembled a huge aviary filled with chattering birds. The solitude was rent by cries and calls, staccato talk, ripples of merry laughter, songs and footlight imitations of hunting calls.

The costumes had apparently been selected with an eye to dramatic effect. They could not fail to impress the most casual eye with their bizarre appeal. They were so delightfully incongruous to the occasion that all at once the great natural background of trees and water seemed to shrink and become a mere theatric framing for human action.

Only one man brought a fishing basket. He was the subject of good-natured derision. He was dubbed "L'Anglais" immediately. Vanity bags, coat pockets, carefully lined with silk, knotted handkerchiefs and scarfs did yeoman duty.

A well-known ingénue was costumed in pearl gray. The corsage was cut very low, and at the V-shaped opening a single red rose gave the contrast of color to the pallor of cheek and greenish gray eyes, outlined with blue cosmetic. Another in black had not a vestige of trimming to break the ascetic lines, but, as if the

burden of this conventionality was too great, she had balanced its rigor by perching rakily on her Greek coiffure of auburn hair a small, untrimmed felt hat about the size of a breakfast saucer. She was escorted by a trio, true in every particular to the Murger types, as we know them in *La Bohème*, and soon after her arrival caught a minnow about the length of her index finger, which, ungloved, showed a green stone of cryptic design.

She danced about the lake with it to admiring ejaculations. She waved it in front of our astonished eyes and announced that it was "*un vrai merlan*." We did not contradict her. The trio removed the fish from the line.

Madame Louise Silvain, of the Comédie Française, was gowned in a very smart blue foulard and had a small black hat with nodding white plumes. She did not remove her long gloves and sat in a willow chair while she fished with zest. Opportunity, however, did not come her way, but favored her husband's efforts, who, after repeated trials and tribulations, succeeded in gathering together a half-dozen unobstrusive specimens. By virtue of his position his fish were examined by monocled visitors with a great show of seriousness.

Some of the participants had provided elaborate apparatus and prepared for the occasion with a tremendous amount of attention to details. If they failed to obtain the *prix d'honneur*, it was not through carelessness.

One spread all over his section an equipment consisting of a red lacquer box, a blue cloisonné tray, and, in a square made by placing cigarettes end to end, a dozen or so bait worms of varying tints seemed to give the needed color to his Matisse trained eye.

In a neighboring division a follower of Izaak Walton wore a browning corduroy suit, having very tight trousers, a wide-brimmed hat of white with scarlet band, a green bow tie and a huge boutonnière of not one but several gardenias. He managed to distract considerable notice in his quiet way.



THE COMMITTEE'S GROTTO



AFTER THE CONTEST IN THE ALCAZAR GARDEN



Bangs

ALICE LINDAHL

Recently seen in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," now a prominent member of the Hartman Theatre Stock Company, Columbus, Ohio

Excitement rose to fever heat when Max Dearly, king of the vaudevillians, arrived. A great favorite, he ran from one group to another, admiring fish and costumes with equal fervor.

"Who is he?" we inquired of a self-appointed guide, who varied his angling attempts with courier-like attentions.

He told us the name, then added, "Mr. Dearly is happily married."

He waited, his line held taut, a pinkish worm curling at the end in ultimate anguish, to see how we took the news. Apparently he expected us to curl up in convulsions like his bait.

We were calm, announcing that we had seen Mr. Dearly in his charming skit, "The American Doll," and liked him immensely.

One entire section was given to the troupe of the Folies Dramatiques; directly across the lake the Belgian Company of the Déjazet formed a striking contrast to their Gallic friends. They were so expert in landing gudgeon that several of the reconnoitering Committee accused them, laughingly, of having hypnotized the fish, as they do their audiences, into a state of neuresthenia.

hanging branches; red tray and blue box are overturned and worms of white and brown meander away as they will. In a dramatic tangle, members of the several companies meet in a common cause.

It is only a duck that some one has caught by mistake. The Committee emerges from the mob, portentously grave. They retire to their grotto. They are gone a long time. The discussion waxes fierce, murmurs reaching the outer air and the impatient fishermen. Finally they emerge. The result of the conference is made public as the offender is called before them. They request, first of all, that his name be not published.

"You are commanded to release the duck."

The duck flies away to the accompaniment of a hundred "Beauchs!"

Then a gong announces the close of the contest. Taxis, fiacres, private carriages, are filled to overflowing, and the procession winds along to the Alcazar, where, in the pleasant garden, the prizes are distributed by M. Silvain

Farther away stood members of the Bouffes Parisiens, among them the charming Mademoiselle Le Geay, a centre of masculine if not piscatorial interest. Across the water was pointed out the Gymnase Company.

A member of the committee, distinguished by the button of the Legion of Honor, explained to us that in order to belong to this choice band, one must possess certain qualifications.

"And these, Monsieur?" we inquired deferentially.

"You must be amiable, Mesdames, and you must be gay."

"A good fisherman, too?" you ask in a matter-of-fact tone.

"That is not a handicap, ladies, but it is not necessary. If one is a *bon camarade* one can dispense with the superfluous—such as accurate information and experience."

"And nothing else?"

"He must know how to console those who catch nothing and soothe the ruffled feelings of any one who is so ignorant that he does not know the fish from the flowers."

Nearly all the important theatres in Paris have representatives on the Committee. The members of this body are frequently called upon to decide questions every bit as important as those specified. Monsieur Silvain, Vice Doyen of the Comédie Française, acts as President, and from his judicial opinion few demur.

The fishing contest lasts an hour. A veritable tragedy marks its close.

You hear, "Beauh! Beauch!"

Every one rushes. Only a big fish could cause such a commotion. Possibly a five-pounder. Tackle and traps are forgotten; veils fly; scarves are caught on

(Continued on page vii)



Byron

The old Rialto—Union Square and Fourteenth Street



The new Rialto—Broadway, between 38th and 39th Streets

THE ACTORS' RENDEZVOUS—THE RIALTO OF YESTERDAY AND THE RIALTO OF TO-DAY

THE "Rialto" of old New York, which for more than half a century was the rendezvous for the players of the American stage, has practically passed out of existence, but it is held in remembrance by the old playgoers of the metropolis, as well as by the old actors and actresses of the nation, as a sacred reminiscence of the old stage. It was the recognized headquarters of the American actor of the last century, the place toward which his feet always tended when he found himself in the metropolis; the open-air office in which he negotiated for his engagement for the coming season; the lounging place in which he lingered in his moments of leisure. It was on the "Rialto" that the players were reunited after their season's labor "on the road"; here that they compared notes of their experiences, criticized or praised their latest manager, and sought and obtained new engagements. It was the section of New York City devoted almost exclusively to the theatrical profession, and so recognized by all. Its stores and offices were nearly all established to supply the wants of the players, and within its limited area the actor could find response to his demands for costumes, could sign his contract for the coming season, and could gratify his tastes with everything required, from a cocktail to a table d'hôte dinner. The clean-shaven thespian and the soubrette were almost the only persons one met.

The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

stood the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which was an important feature of the New York stage in those days, and all along Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, were museums, concert halls, restaurants, and bar-rooms, to claim the patronage of the players. Of these latter the Morton House bar, at the corner of Broadway, was the most alluring. It was a bar of aristocratic pattern for the nineteenth century, lacking only the title of "Café" to render it a fair rival of some of the saloons of the twentieth century, but the rage for French titles had not then developed. At its little round tables many an important theatrical engagement was arranged, and in many cases the contracts were actually signed there. It was in this cosy bar-room that Sheridan Shook and A. M. Palmer came to terms under which the latter assumed the management of the Union Square Theatre, resulting in the establishment of the famous Union Square Stock Company, the only real rival of Wallack's and Daly's. The Morton House was a landmark of old New York, and not the least of its claims for recognition as such was the part which it played in the development of the "Rialto." The players in the city made it a headquarters where searching friends could easily find them.

As everybody knows, the "Rialto" was the scene of the loan by Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," the pledge for the return of which, at a specified time, was a pound of the debtor's flesh. Shakespeare, by making it the scene of this transaction, immortalized it so that were Venice swept into oblivion, the "Rialto" would be known to generations of the future so long as the ability to read remained to mankind. The Italian word "rialto," translated literally into English, means simply the "highest bridge." Venice is a city of canals and bridges, and the name rialto was given to the highest of the latter. It was the headquarters of the money changers and money lenders of the city, and was as well known as the financial centre of Venice, as is Wall or Broad Street to New York. It was to the highest bridge that the seeker of a loan resorted, knowing that he would find there the man who would accommodate him. It was here that Shylock advanced his

The old "Rialto" was a somewhat limited territory, including East Fourteenth Street, from Broadway to Third Avenue, and Union Square Park, which, in the days of the last generation, was by no means the beautiful little playground that it is now. This section, in the seventies and eighties, was the theatrical centre of the metropolis. Wallack's Theatre stood just around the corner, at Broadway and Thirteenth Street. The Union Square Theatre was in Fourteenth Street, just to the east of Broadway; the Academy of Music, then the temple of grand opera, stood, as it stands to-day, at Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, and Tony Pastor's Variety Theatre—there was no "vaudeville" house in those days—was also in Fourteenth Street, within the charmed limits of the "Rialto." A little more than a block to the West

As everybody knows, the "Rialto" was the scene of the loan by Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice," the pledge for the return of which, at a specified time, was a pound of the debtor's flesh. Shakespeare, by making it the scene of this transaction, immortalized it so that were Venice swept into oblivion, the "Rialto" would be known to generations of the future so long as the ability to read remained to mankind. The Italian word "rialto," translated literally into English, means simply the "highest bridge." Venice is a city of canals and bridges, and the name rialto was given to the highest of the latter. It was the headquarters of the money changers and money lenders of the city, and was as well known as the financial centre of Venice, as is Wall or Broad Street to New York. It was to the highest bridge that the seeker of a loan resorted, knowing that he would find there the man who would accommodate him. It was here that Shylock advanced his

money on the security of a pound of flesh, furnishing the motive around which the action of "The Merchant of Venice" revolves. The word "Rialto" thus became identified, to an extent, with the theatrical profession, and from the days of Shakespeare it has been used to designate a gathering place for players.

What particular actor first christened Fourteenth Street, within the limits described, as the "Rialto" is a question to which I have not been able to find an answer. It may have been one of the higher lights of the stage, or one of the "barnstormers" who first made the place his stamping ground. But the name of the man who first called public attention to the "Rialto," and made it a household word for the masses, is fortunately preserved for enshrinement in the Temple of Fame. He was "Ted" McAlpin, one of the Bohemian reporters of the New York Sun in the days when Amos J.

Cummings, as managing editor of that paper, made it sparkle like its namesake with flashes of wit. "Ted" was a shining light in the galaxy of talent which Cummings lured to the service of the Sun. He was tall and lanky, wore very thick and wavy side-whiskers, and had much the appearance as he walked the streets of a high-strung evangelist. But he only looked this part. Candor compels the admission that "Ted" was one of the high rollers of his profession, brimful of good humor at all times and overflowing with geniality, a magnificently good fellow all through, and one of the brightest of the old Bohemian reporters, a class which has now passed into history.

At the time Lydia Thompson's famous English Burlesque Company came to New York, and played its engagement at Wallack's, Rose Massey was generally conceded to be the most beautiful of the many beautiful women of the organization. At the close of the Thompson engagement, Dion Boucicault followed it with a production of his latest new play, "The Shaughran." The juvenile actor in this play was Harry Montague, a fine looking young fellow, with considerably more personal beauty than professional talent. He was also the private secretary of Boucicault,

who regarded him in the light of a personal ward. The women of New York went literally crazy over Harry Montague, and he was

the first to achieve the distinction of being called the "matinée idol," a title which has been since bestowed on many a smarter man. One day Amos Cummings called "Ted" to his office and informed him of a report that Rose Massey was about to sue Montague for breach of promise of marriage. "Go up and see the boy," said Amos, "and make him talk, if you can." Ted gave his usual nod of recognition of the duties of his task, and dived out of the office to take up the trail. The trail led him direct to Wallack's Theatre, where he hoped to find trace of the young defendant.

Theodore Moss, who afterwards became owner and manager of Wallack's, was at this time the treasurer and business manager of the house. Ted found him in his office, and asked information re-

garding the haunts of Montague, and where he would be likely to find him.

"Why, he's on the stage now," said Mr. Moss. "They're having a sort of a rehearsal of some of the scenes which don't quite satisfy Boucicault. Go back and see him."

Ted was overjoyed at the ease with which he had run his quarry down, and he acted on Mr. Moss's suggestion at once. He was admitted to the auditorium, and passed through it to go upon the stage through a box entrance. Mr. Moss did not accompany him, but remained in his office to await events, a jolly twinkle illuminating his eyes. He knew Boucicault better than Ted did, and no doubt foresaw the result of his perilous exploration of the stage while Boucicault was conducting a rehearsal.

Ted stepped from the box to the stage, and found it filled with members of the company trying to follow the directions of "Boucicault." He waited patiently until there was a pause, and then, boldly stepping up to the author, suggested that he would like to speak to Mr. Montague.

"And what do you want of him?" growled the gruff author and stage manager.



White

CARRIE DE MAR

Well-known American vaudeville performer recently seen at the Coliseum in London



Gould & Marsden, Inc. **FRANK TINNEY**
Appearing in "The Winsome Widow" at the
Moulin Rouge



White **HOPE LATHAM**
Lately seen as Jane Palmer in "The Rainbow" at
the Liberty



Bangs **WINTHROP CHAMBERLAIN**
Now playing with the Hudson Theatre Stock Company,
Union Hill, N. J.

"I want to get his story about this breach of promise case of Rose Massey's," began Ted.

But he got no further. Turning to the grim-visaged stage door-keeper, Boucicault shouted, "Here, Jim, throw this fellow out on the Rialto." The Cerberus of the stage advanced calmly, seized the collar of Ted, marched him to the stage door, and, not too gently, "fired" him out on Fourth Avenue. Ted scarcely realized what had happened until he found himself groping toward Fourteenth Street, and was swallowed up in the groups of players strolling up and down on the Rialto. Then he shook himself together, muttered in a grievous tone, "Well, I'll be d——" and vanished through the door of the Morton House bar.

This action of Boucicault was thoroughly characteristic of the man. He was excitable at all times, and, when acting as stage manager at rehearsals he had no patience with anybody. He would probably have ejected Mr. Moss from his own stage under similar circumstances.

Ted having fortified himself with a Rialto tonic, strolled out on Fourteenth Street, and industriously interviewed many actors on the Rose Massey suit, but gained little of interest for building up his story. He finally went to the *Sun* office and made the "firing" of himself on the Rialto the feature of the Rose Massey sensation. It was the first time that the general public had heard of the Rialto, and the story made a remarkable hit. The name Rialto became a household word,

and from that day on the little space of territory to which it was applied became the favorite lounging place, not only of the players, but of their admirers, who were eager to see their favorites "off the stage" in the common walks of life.

And so the "Rialto" became an acknowledged feature of Metropolitan life. High society was quite as silly in those days as it is now. Fifth Avenue was then a purely residence section of the city, and the belles of that section began to include the "Rialto"

in their daily promenades. They would stroll back and forth, observing the players, and casting sheep's eyes at their stage favorites. Many a jealous feud has arisen between young society ladies and their "best man" on account of these trips to the "Rialto." They became a "fad" which swept through all classes of citizens, and made this part of Fourteenth Street a scene of glittering enchantment every pleasant afternoon, especially in the summer months, when the "Rialto" was swarmed with the idle players. The towering skyscrapers, which are now features of the scene, were then but dreams of architectural visionaries. A four-story building was a novelty, and if the "Rialto," as it was could be brought back to view to-day, its original frequenters would be amazed to remember that they had ever made it their favorite promenade. But for years it was the leading centre of interest to what was then upper New York, and it is now one of the choicest recollections of old playgoers, as well as old players.



Wilfred North in two widely different characterizations—the Kahn in "The Flower of the Palace of Han" and the constable in "The Pigeon." Mr. North, an Englishman by birth, left the legal profession in Texas and came to New York in 1890. His first engagement was with Lillian Lewis in "Credit Lorraine." He left her to join Gustave Frohman, with "The Witch." Then followed a season with Louis James during which season he wrote a play for Mr. James entitled "Henry of Navarre." Mrs. Fiske engaged him for the part of the yokel in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Later he was with Miss Marlowe two seasons

In the nineteenth century the business of engaging the members of the stock companies of the land was conducted very differently from the system now pursued. Very few out-of-town managers saw the actors they had engaged through the dramatic agencies until they reported to fulfill their engagements. The business of the dramatic agent was a thriving one, and the Rialto and its immediate neighborhood was filled with their offices. If not too distant from the metropolis, the managers of other cities would come to New York to "look over the stock" before making engagements, and the Rialto was the place where the "looking over" was done. A stroll along it would bring to the eyes of the manager actors of all classes, from the meek and lowly utility man to the pompous leading man and leading woman. Little chats in the street or in the bar-room would result in the giving and accepting of contracts, which would then be celebrated by a table d'hôte dinner in one of the many restaurants to clinch the bargain. But most of the out-of-town managers did not find it convenient to come to the city to attend to their business personally, and these had to rely entirely on the dramatic agent for the selection of their companies. The Rialto was the clearing house of the profession, and was so recognized all over the country.

In the days of which I am writing the player had not attained the position in the social scale which he now enjoys. He was not regarded as a vagabond, as he was a century ago, and sentiment had begun to flow in his favor, but he was still an outcast from the circles of the best society, which could not bring itself to regard him as more than an entertainer who was amply paid for his services by the dollars which it showered upon him. In these days much, if not practically all, of this critical feeling has disappeared, and the leading members of the profession are treated with the courtesy and consideration which is their just due by all classes of society. A popular juvenile man of to-day

will receive more cordial recognition than was accorded to the masterly genius of Edwin Booth a generation ago. The feeling that they were, to an extent, at least, ostracized, gave to the old-time player a tendency toward Bohemianism, which made him somewhat free in his intercourse with his fellows, and this tendency was as marked among the actresses as among the actors. The Rialto was the common gathering place where one was sure to meet one's friends, and it was used quite as freely by the women as by the men of the profession. Lillian Russell was playing at Tony Pastor's in the eighties,

and she would stop for a chat on the Rialto coming from rehearsals and form a glittering feature of the pageant. The same was true of many women of the stage, to whom the Rialto was the only rendezvous for the meeting of friends. Under the different circumstances of the present day those ladies would probably hesitate to display themselves on the Rialto, if the Rialto remained to offer them the chance.

"The Black Crook" was produced at Niblo's Garden, then one of the leading New York houses, in the early seventies, introducing for the first time on the American stage the ballet on a large scale. The appearance of tights as the special feature of an entertainment aroused a sensation in the city which has never since been equalled. The show was attacked from pulpit and platform, but Jarrett and Palmer, the producers, stood their ground boldly, and "The Black Crook" became the reigning theatrical attraction of the country. Playgoers came from afar off to witness the spectacle, and it established a new standard of entertainment, which became one of the most successful ever credited to the stage. The members of the ballet were quick to make the Rialto their favorite promenade. On pleasant afternoons it was thronged by them, so that the curious New Yorker could study in real life the woman who

had charmed him with her terpsichorean gyrations in the "Crook." The girls were cordially welcomed to the Rialto by its old frequenters, as, indeed, was any member of the theatrical profession, from the modest variety actor to the most dignified of tragedy stars. They brought to it a glitter of attractiveness which added to its allurements, as the Lydia Thompson girls did when playing their season at Wallack's.

Of the old-time actors and actresses who were identified with the development of the Rialto, the list would include practically all the favorites of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Charles R. Thorne, the talented and genial leading man of the Union Square Theatre; Maurice Barrymore, also a popular member of the same company; William H. Crane, who had begun starring with Stuart Robson as partner; Lillian Russell, Rose Coglan, Rosina Vokes, of the Vokes sisters, who played nearly every summer at Daly's, and the popular favorites of every theatre in New York could be constantly seen on the Rialto in their everyday clothes, walking and breathing like the ordinary man and woman. To see them thus was a grand treat to the outside public, which never lost its charm. Charles Burnham, new manager of Wallack's Theatre, was at this

Ballade of the Lonely Hero

The lover I, and o'er and o'er,
Heroics through the play I cry;
Till auditors their plaudits roar,
And brimming tears dim every eye.
The crafty plotter's wiles I spy,
And drive him forth 'neath Heaven's wide dome.
The curtain down, 'tis I who sigh—
The villain's family waits at home.

I track him to his secret door,
I cast him down from mountains high,
Unearth his plans and come before
The great elopement he would try.
While in the dressing-room I tie
My shoe-lace, he returns my comb—
A cordial handshake, brisk "good night"—
The villain's family waits at home.

Each night he wades through crimes a score,
And yet he has a gentle eye;
He strews his victims 'round the floor,
And vows impenitent he'll die.
From such a wretch good men should fly,
Yet through the streets with him I'd roam,
If all his joys 'round me might lie—
The villain's family waits at home.

ENVOI.

Ah, lonely hero, evermore,
The stage's glories melt like foam,
My hapless state must I deplore—
The villain's family waits at home.

CLARENCE STRATTON.



ETHEL DAVIES
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"



MAUD LEROY
Appearing in "A Winsome Widow"

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Famous Women Who Have Been Dramatized

No. 4. Adrienne Lecouvreur

ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR'S life was as tragical as any part in which she ever appeared, although she ranged through the repertoire of the Comédie Française, and in what was thought to be a shockingly naturalistic manner, characterized the beautiful heroines of Corneille and Racine. She became the queen of the French stage, and if her contemporary critics are to be trusted, one of the greatest actresses who ever lived, yet Adrienne's celebrated question: "What's living without loving?" seems to have been not a question at all, but a wail—the exclamation of despair. She loved, her life was a succession of passions, but she always loved unwisely and too well. When a little girl, with none to prophesy that she would one day be a welcome, flattered and envied guest in the drawing-rooms of the mighty, she was swayed by the great passion, and even then was the victim of great misfortunes and sufferings, caused in the main by a passing whim which she construed to be the beating of love at the door of her heart.

Adrienne was the child of poor parents named Couvreur. The prefix "Le" was adopted as a *nom du théâtre* when she determined to become an actress. During the early years of her life she seems to have been little more than a stock actress in little theatres in the provinces. She learned a long line of parts, however, and was constantly falling in love. It was the same in later years. She played all kinds of parts, from the most tempestuous tragedy of the period to the sprightly and frivolous comedies, and, according to her critics, succeeded perfectly in divorcing one from the other, so that in her comedy scenes there was no suggestion of the stately and majestic tragedienne, and in it all she was perhaps the first of the women who attempted anything like realism in costumes and delivery of lines. She dressed the parts that she was playing appropriately, and attempted to defy the precedents that stood as the laws of the Medes and Persians by declining to chant the majestic poetry of Racine and the others, and tried to give life to the words and a new meaning which is commonly accepted to-day. Even then poor Adrienne was suffering daily from the pangs of love.

Finally, when she was established as a favorite in Paris, Maurice de Saxe came into the whirl of the gay

life, and Adrienne quickly surrendered herself. It has been written that her name will never be forgotten as long as his is spoken, and their romance becomes one of the prettiest stories in all the true stories of the world's great loves. Probably Maurice loved her as much as he was capable of loving anyone. She was aware of his infidelities, being only one of hundreds who were infatuated by him, but she loved him as if she were the only object of his affections. She knew that he required money for his great political schemes and gave from her own purse, one time as much as \$7,000, although she was aware that the realization of

his hopes would separate her from her lover. She suffered much and seemed to delight in her sufferings. Her friendships were fortunate and caused her little sorrow, but in the midst of her closest associations with great men of the world, she steadfastly held to de Saxe, considering him her own, although her attitude prompted great jealousies, at least once the cause of an unsuccessful attempt to poison her, and then, according to the gossip of the moment, she finally fell a victim to intrigue and plot, and, with her eyes fixed upon a bust of de Saxe, died in the arms of Voltaire.

Two events in her life naturally suggested the theme of a drama. On one occasion she directed the words in a play to her rival,

sitting brazenly in a box at the theatre. All the world knew the meaning and all the world talked when she succeeded by this clever means in driving the Duchess De Bouillon from the playhouse. It was naturally a good situation for a playwright; so good, in fact, that one is tempted to say with De Morgan, "It Can Never Happen Again." Adrienne's life was nearly taken by a box of poisoned candies, supposed to have been sent by the Duchess. All the world knew of it, just as all the world believed that her death was caused by the receipt of a bouquet of poisoned flowers. The woman whom every one believed to be guilty had a powerful family name, and she had relatives and friends, whose word was mighty in affairs of church and state. Her arrest and trial on such a serious charge were things not to be thought of, yet the world believed her guilty. And if so, she won the desperate battle in the end; yet to-day she is chiefly remembered for her connection with the love affairs of the great Adrienne.



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR



White

MARGARET ANGLIN

Recently seen on tour in the comedy, "Green Stockings"



White

JULIA DEAN

Appearing as Virginia Blaine in "Bought and Paid For"

It was natural that Le Couvreur should have been admired by Voltaire. She played in his pieces—she gave life to the creatures of his fancy. Always in advance of his time, he was quick to understand her innovations in manner of delivery, which shocked most of the Parisians. He admired her, and was much in her company, being with her at the terrible end, after which his pen lashed the public as usual, for its treatment of her. In his zeal, he subscribed himself, "her admirer and lover," and, as usual, in the case of anything that had to do with Adrienne or Voltaire, his probable meaning was misunderstood. He delivered an original poem before the *Comédie Française*, in which he referred to the refusal of the church to permit her to have decent burial, in which he said: "To her who in ancient Greece would have had shrines."

It was chiefly through his insistence that an autopsy was held following her death. The tragedy was ascribed to "natural causes." Always at odds with the authority, Voltaire was unable to demand anything like what he considered justice, and the body of the woman, who for thirteen years had been the idol of the French theatre-goers, who had been a great social favorite, and had brought great renown to the stage of Paris, was not only denied burial in consecrated ground, but was not permitted interment in the precincts beyond with the heretics and unbaptized children. Her remains were spirited away in a coach at night and deposited in quicklime at a spot that was kept secret for many years. Adrienne's powerful enemies were still at work, pursuing her even beyond the grave.

The *Comédie* suspended for four days, according to custom. Its leading member, one who perhaps enjoyed greater fame than any

other member before or since, had played in Voltaire's "Oedysse," and four days later was dead. The matter must have caused a certain sorrow, but the regrets were less sincere perhaps than they would have been, owing to the gossip and scandal caused by her sensational departure from the world, and the effort to malign her after death, with Voltaire and others piping a chorus of praise in what seemed to be a minor key.

Adrienne was an actresses' actress. She pointed the way for others to follow. She was to later ladies of the stage what Ibsen was to the playwrights of the past generation. She not only showed the absurdities of the past, exposed the creaking joints of old dramatic custom, but revealed a new beauty, a greater meaning and depth to dramatic characterization.

Scribe and Legouvé fashioned a play from the historical episodes in her life, colored by the incidents that gossip and the mouth of scandal had given a semblance of truth. They preserved the incident of the poisoned bouquet, but made their chief dramatic climax the reading from "Phèdre," in which she denounced and humiliated the Duchess de Bouillon, in which she said:

"I know my own treacheries, Oenome, but I am not one of those hardened women who, enjoying a tranquil conscience among their crimes, can face the world without a blush."

Since her time all the world's greatest actresses have delighted to re-enact her life story, with its tumultuous passions, big dramatic moments and sympathy—compelling ending. Rachel, who was later to hold a position similar to Adrienne's in the affections of the Parisians, and her great artistic rival, Adelaide Ristori, were partial to the play and the

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"JUNE MADNESS"

WHAT though a woman have the courage of a man to live her life as seems to her best, the brain to work out the problems, with the financial independence that comes from money earned, and a perfect willingness to foot the bills—how shall she escape the laws that bind us all together? Mr. Harry Kitchell Webster, a new name in the playwriting world, has set before us a pretty question, one of the definite, net results of the first season of Chicago's Drama Players.

Just what the authorities would agree to as a definition of a "good play" has never been decided, but for practical purposes one which holds the interest of the audience in dealing with a serious phase of life, may be considered to qualify. There may be awkwardnesses in the craftsmanship of importance to the trade, but of little effect in the world of men, which is quite used to finding things more or less jumbled up in actual life, so feels no shock if the same should appear in the mimetic reproduction. In "June Madness" there is the quality of human appeal which makes you wish to know how the thing is coming out, even enlisting your sympathies strongly, though to many of the stern-visaged it appeared that these went out to the wrong side.

The theme was bitterly attacked as lacking in what the New England of other days called morality, as untrue to the psychology of the feminine mind—nice point that—too "talky," rather a thesis than a play, yet it held the attention of the audience until the final curtain. Suppose something to be constructed in accordance with all the rule of art, offending not even the most ladylike gentlemen present, yet saying nothing of interest—what remains save for it to drop back into the void. While on the contrary, though with a stiff joint or two, Mr. Webster's play is going to walk about to some distance, making the acquaintance of many people.

Again there comes before us the eternal question of that primal instinct, which has decreed that all nature shall mate in the time of roses. Imagine a peculiarly well-poised young woman, who, thrown on her own resources at fifteen, by the age of twenty-three had established herself in the business world, taking to the life with the same sort of aptitude as the intelligent young American man. Family ties, with the outlet they afford for the affections, she had never known, and the opportunities which business afforded for all her faculties seemed to stamp her as one of those sexless, impersonal intelligences, which are not rare, and go far in practical affairs.

The springtime of her twenty-third year found her curiously listless, well enough in body, but somehow out of sorts in a most unaccountable manner, till one day at luncheon she saw two quite commonplace looking young people furtively holding hands while gazing in each other's eyes. In a flash she knew that instinct was not dead within her, but starving, and seeking with dumb voice to call aloud. She asked for a vacation, spent the day purchasing plumage for the pruning bird, then from the veranda of a summer hotel saw a youth come glowing from the tennis court.

It was June, with ten days of madness, a glimpse of paradise, upon which at the appointed day the gates were to be shut with the finality of death. All that was hers she gloried in the giving, the price, whatever it might be, she was strong enough willingly to pay. Before the hour came she returned to the city, too well lost for the man ever to find her, and in due course there came a baby girl, to whom she gave the name of June.

With this child to care for every yearning of her soul was satisfied, so all her active faculties were concentrated on her business. Through the long years she joyfully toiled, earning promotion at every step until she arrived at the position of secretary to a railroad magnate, with a salary of \$12,000 a year, and recognized



Copyright Marceau

MARGUERITE SKIRVIN

Playing Kathleen Llewelyn in the Eastern Company of "Excuse Me"

by him as "one of the two best railroad men in the country."

Twenty years after the first June we are at the summer home of the magnate on the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next. The wife with the feminine instinct has sensed that this peculiarly capable woman must have had a story, and with the petty jealousy of the incapable has ferreted out a notion of the truth, through the aid of a detective agency, which little bomb she explodes. That same evening the man arrives as the accepted lover of the daughter of the household, a young lady of advanced views, which shrivel when put to the test. She, backed by her mother, demands as the price of silence that Mrs. Thornborough shall leave at once. To this at first she was willing to assent, being mistress now of an independent fortune, but there is the daughter, June, with whom the scion of the family has fallen in

love. Nothing shall be permitted to touch June, or she will fight to the last gasp, and the audience to a man, nearly to a woman, was with her, most anxious to know how she was to do it.

The play has power, because each individual is possible, with an understandable point of view with which the audience can sympathize. It raises a nice question. Is a woman in these days to go her own ways, paying her bills like a gentleman, since she has earned the money with which to do so? She refuses to feel disgrace for exercising her natural rights as a human being, and with the pride of financial independence she has always stood ready to pay the price. But there is the child, June, while the laws of nature and man are so interwoven that there is no untangling the skein without harm and sorrow to those who had no part in the freedom she arrogated.

The daughter of millions must pocket her pride and grief, while the woman of haughty independence finds that the price she stood ready to pay must in fact

be met by others, that through her injury has come to the innocent, whose grief she cannot assuage, the bitterest thought of all to a high spirit. Though once again in June she may walk away hand in hand with the man, the law of life has left a wound in her that will rankle without cicatrix to her latest day.

There are excellent opportunities for the players, for Miss Reicher in particular as the woman, Mrs. Thornborough; Miss Shannon as the daughter, Miss Hollis; Mr. Emery as Mr. Hollis, the railroad man; Mr. Kelsey as the man, Mr. Fielding. Also Mr. Webster succeeded in discovering a fresh love scene, delightfully played by Miss Kelly and Mr. Allen. But it was the story of the play as it unfolded on the stage which held the people, and it is not only of worth itself, but a promise for the future. Mr. Webster has shown that he has ideas in his head, with a notion of shaping in dramatic form. As he is human and most teachable, he may go far, at least to Broadway this coming season.

KARLETON HACKETT.



White
PERLE BARTI
Now appearing as Daphne in "The Rose Maid" at the Globe

ONE day last month Madame Harriet Labadie gave a dramatic interpretation of

Percy MacKaye's play, "To-morrow" before an audience which made up the members and guests of the Century Theatre Club of New York.

Except for a bare statement of the fact in the daily papers, the event passed unrecorded, and only the few hundred auditors who received the impress of her wonderful art and of her compelling personality are aware that a genius has come and gone unnoticed.

Can you, theatre-goers, to whom the drama is inseparably linked with the theatre, with its actors, lavish stage settings and ingenious devices of lighting, can you imagine one woman presenting a drama alone—presenting it without any theatrical effects to appeal to the physical eye, yet so realistically that you are actually able to see with the mental eye, separately and distinctly, a full cast of characters; presenting it so that you feel intensely the varying emotions of sorrow and of joy through which they pass?

"Not possible!" you exclaim. But those who heard Madame Labadie will tell you that she is capable of doing all this, and, what is more wonderful, she accomplishes it with such ease, without the slightest apparent straining after-effect that it is almost impossible to discover the secret of her success.

Picture a stage with all the usual accessories eliminated, except for an inconspicuous table bearing a small glass of water, set down-stage on the

An Interpreter of Plays

right. A woman enters and you are at once conscious of a radiance that emanates with a magnetic glow from her personality. When she begins to speak, your next impression is of a beautiful contralto voice, full and penetrating, and of a pair of eyes which fill with life and changing color in response to the different quality of tones which illuminate her word pictures.

In the briefest of introductions you are made acquainted with the author and the basic idea of the play. Then calling the imagination of the auditors into play, with deft, quick strokes the scene is set and the characters, in the relation they bear to one another in the drama, are firmly placed in the mind's eye. This being done, the one and only material personality occupying the stage withdraws herself, as it were, and immediately brings into being, in quick succession, the characters of the play, which become so well defined that one can actually feel their presence. There is no mention of exits and entrances, nor are any explanations necessary throughout the entire drama. The characters come and go unannounced; you see them mentally so clearly that you recognize their coming and going and their positions upon the stage without confusion. You grow so familiar with the temperament and development of each and every one that you share their emotions and pass through all the degrees of suffering and joy which they experience. The tensivity of the action is sustained from beginning to end. Not even in the one minute pause between acts is the attention of the audience allowed to



White
HARRIET LABADIE
Interpreter of Plays

(Continued on page ix)

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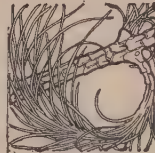
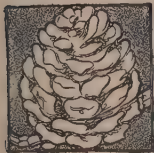


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A Book on Playwriting

(Continued from page 42)

anticlimax, with the experienced writer is impossible.

The real point of issue, however, where we contend with Mr. Archer, is the declaration upon the cover of his "Play-Making" that there is no recognized handbook of practical dramatic craftsmanship in the English language. He certainly intends no unfairness. Without depreciating other work in any way, he passes over Lessing's "Hamburg Dramaturgy," Schlegel's "Lectures," Freytag's "Technique," Jerome's "Playwriting," Hennequin's "Art of Playwriting," and Calmoun's "Practical Playwriting." But there are two books by an American author, one of which at least contains a genuine formulation of dramatic law, evolved into its principles, which are applied to actual work. That book is "The Analysis of Play Construction and Dramatic Principle," by William Thompson Price, which, while it expresses many ideas again for emphasis, is never contradictory. The book is certainly recognized in America, and it is too important a contribution to dramatic literature to be ignored.

An Aristocrat of the Stage

(Continued from page 45)

Street one day to see my parents. He asked them if they would consent to my coming East to play child parts with his Fifth Avenue Theatre Company.

"No," said my father.

"But you have allowed the little girl to go on the stage here," he said. "I guarantee that she will be in good care. Her mother cannot go with her. I will hire a nurse and chaperone."

"No, no," said my mother. "There is no use of your saying another word. I should as lief cut off my arm."

"Poor mother." She has often regretted that decision, by which she bound me to San Francisco. I remained there, married the actor manager, Fred Cooper, played more or less regularly, and brought up my children, two of whom, Ollie and Georgie Cooper, followed me to the stage. I played nurse in The Little Lord Fauntleroy Company in which Georgie had the title rôle.

ADA PATTERSON.

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Theatre Orchestras

(Continued from page 46)

intrenched in popular favor, owe their success largely to the fact that they were launched with adequate orchestras, some of these, indeed, being no whit inferior to those that accompany "grand opera." Proper orchestral clothing will make even a commonplace melody seem distinguished and important, as Berlioz has observed.

This writer holds to the belief that the mechanical player, using the pneumatic principle, will soon be found to offer the rational solution of the theatre orchestra difficulty. At the tiny Nazimova Theatre in New York, a year or so ago, when a play of Ibsen's was being given, the sole music to be heard was supplied by a grand piano to which one of these playing devices was attached. This invisible, modest, but entirely appropriate medium discoursed piano music, principally that of Grieg, and many were the approving comments thereon. This device has many advantages beside that of being invisible: it is absurdly inexpensive, and, with the present almost unlimited collection of good music available for it, there seems no reason for its not being effective if it be entrusted to an intelligent operator.

WILSON A. BURROWS.

The Floating Theatre

(Continued from page 48)

Even to within ten years many of the show boats had some patent medicine or household necessity to sell during off hours. Attention was artfully called to these by the actors at the end of the play, and sometimes free samples were distributed as souvenirs.

The show business on the rivers, instead of declining and going out of existence with the coming of the new traveling troupes which go from town to town in trains, has prospered and increased. The boats have become more elaborate and the outfit more costly. Some of the modern floating theatres are superior to many of the one-horse theatres built to accommodate traveling troupes. For instance, the "Cotton Blossom," one of the largest floating theatres on the Mississippi, cost upward of \$50,000 for the whole equipment. This show boat is a veritable floating theatre, with electric lights, a printing

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press and scenery of an elaborate nature aboard. It accommodates nearly half a hundred actors, actresses, deck hands and musicians.

Other modern river show boats are of nearly equal importance and size as the "Cotton Blossom." One carries a ten-piece orchestra and travels upward of 6,000 miles in a year up and down the Mississippi and Ohio. A third is lighted outside and inside by two thousand incandescent electric bulbs, which gives a wonderful effect on the river at night time, and when entering a harbor the lights are all blazing and a calliope plays brazenly to attract attention, its notes being heard nearly ten miles away.

GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

A Theatrical Fishing Contest

(Continued from page 56)

on the part of "Comoedia" and the newly-formed "Le Goujonette."

There are four of these awards, beauty, number, size, weight carefully considered.

After the prizes are distributed to the victors, the defeated come in for their share of awards. Each lady receives a collection of perfumes, powders, soap, cosmetics carefully packed in a Pinaud box of Japanese lacquer. The men are consoled with fishing rods of various kinds and cigarette holders.

The luncheon, announced as a "monster banquet," is, in reality, the first-class table d'hôte of the popular café on festal occasions. There are neither cocktails nor oysters, but the fifty-seven varieties of *hors d'oeuvres*, without which no Continental repast starts correctly.

No French function is complete without its note of melancholy, however gay in seeming.

Mrs. Pouillot furnishes this note, Madame Pouillot, friend of the artists, to whom she has been and still is most generous. The home for actors' children, which she has endowed, is one of the philanthropic sights of Paris. There are other generousities, but this is the most important. She claims special attention from Americans, for, a few years ago, she presented several prizes for skilled horsemanship and rifle work to members of the Buffalo Bill Company.

We sit next to Madame Pouillot at the table. In course of time she tells us that side by side with the elaborate tomb she has erected for her husband is another one waiting for herself. All you have to do when you have passed the portals of the cemetery is to inquire for "Le Tombeau de Coeur." Everybody knows it.

The clock strikes one, two, three, four, and then the half hour. Monsieur and Madame Silvain are once more the dignified host and hostess. The party rises, anxious to scurry off to other rendezvous. A final toast is drunk to the American visitors.

Le Concours de Pêche à la ligne is over.
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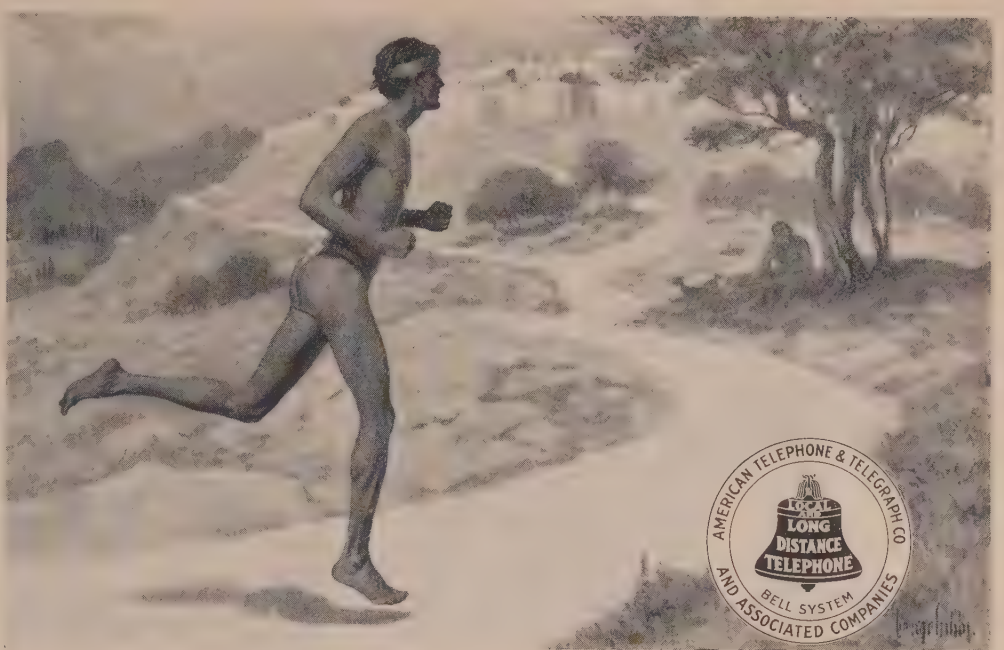
THE FIRST JADLOWKER SOLOS—"La Traviata"—*Dei miei bollenti spiriti* (Wild) *My Dream of Youth* (Act II)—Verdi; "La Bohème"—*Racconto di Rodolfo* (Rudolph's Narrative) (Act I)—Puccini.

This young Russian tenor, who has made such a success at the Metropolitan, and whose voice was so admired in the duet with Miss Farrar issued in May, has just made for the Victor several fine solos, two of which are now presented to the public. The first of the numbers is the lovely air of *Alfred*, sung at the beginning of Act II. The young Germont here speaks of his wild youth, and the peace and happiness which have come to him through his love for Violetta. The second is Rudolph's story of his life, which he narrates to Mimi, the pretty seamstress in the garret of the Quartier Latin. This is the chief tenor solo in "La Bohème," and probably one of the greatest favorites among the airs in operas of recent production.

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"Il Guarany"—*Senza tetto* (Act II)—Gomez. Mr. Amato's contribution for July is a most interesting one, being the first number from a celebrated opera by Antonio Carlos Gomez. The fine air which Amato has given is an admirable example of the spirited and picturesque music written by this composer.



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The "Rialto" a Generation Ago

(Continued from page 60)

time the business manager of the old Wallack's, at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, and the right-hand man of Theodore Moss, the owner and manager of the house. His appearance on the Rialto, with his fetching whiskers, was frequent, and he was always cordially welcomed by the frequenters. The players, especially those lacking an engagement for the coming season, would flock around him and delicately urge their claims for a "sit." They would rave over their successes in the Wild West circuits and pour into his hospitable ear tales of barnstorming which were most interesting, if not altogether convincing. "Charlie Burnham" is now one of the most dignified managers of the metropolis, and has probably forgotten much of his Rialto experiences. But his success as a manager is due to a most appreciable extent to the lessons which he learned in his informal chats with the frequenters of that centre of the players' personal life.

But one manager in New York was ever known to object to the Rialto as a gathering place for the members of his company. All the others regarded it in the sense of a paying advertisement for their houses and their people. Seeing the actors and actresses on the street in everyday life, they assumed, only whetted the appetite of the paying public to see them in favorite rôles on the stage. Augustin Daly, however, took an opposite view of the matter. He claimed that the promenade on the Rialto cheapened the value of his people, reducing the fascination of the stage by bringing them face to face in a prosy manner with the public who paid its money to see them surrounded by all the allurements of the stage.

The famous old Rialto, as has been said, is a thing of the buried past. Towering structures now bound its limits, and nearly all the metropolitan theatres have been moved far uptown, so that the location of the old Rialto has become inconvenient for the players. The dramatic agency business has almost completely disappeared, engagements now being made, not for stock companies, but for special actors, qualified to play special rôles for the entire season. With the disappearance of the old style of theatre the main purpose of the Rialto has disappeared, and with the movement of the theatres uptown, its service as a convenient promenade for the artists has been abolished. There is now what is called the "New Rialto," which extends up Broadway from Thirtieth Street to Forty-fifth Street, but it is a Rialto in name only. The glories of the old Rialto have gone forever. They will be remembered with pleasure by the old players and old playgoers, but to the present generation they are simply ancient history, interesting only as characteristic of the old-time metropolitan stage.

W. W. AUSTIN.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER
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An Interpreter of Plays

(Continued from page 64)

wander from the subject. The effect is at once exhausting and stimulating to the intellect, with a final glow of exultation and a sense of completeness that is satisfying to a degree. There is not one jarring note. Even the book in her hand plays an integral part in a synthetic whole, taking its place in the presentation as the baton in the hand of a master conductor, leading his orchestra, fits into the unity of thought and action of the music.

Distinction is in her every movement. Unfettered and untrammelled by any of the set rules adhered to by the orthodox reader, she knows how to convey by each well directed action a toss of the head, a glance of the eye, a slight, significant pause, a half turned shoulder, the exact effect and shade of meaning desired, each interpreting in a flash the character's inmost thought.

Two years ago, during her Western tour, Madame Labadie spent the summer in Alaska, where she gave dramatic interpretations of "A Doll's House" and "The Servant in the House," both plays being received by the people of that far-off country with an appreciation which had hardly been expected. On August 1st, 1910, her Alaskan tour closed with "The Servant in the House" at Nome, to which northerly point this valiant woman had traveled over 2,000 miles down the "Mighty Yukon" from White Horse to St. Michael's, and thence across the Behring Sea in an old revenue cutter.

Born in Michigan, of American parentage, Madame Labadie, who bears the French-Canadian name of her husband, before her training at an unusually early age, has devoted a lifetime to perfecting her art.

THEAOMAI.

Hamlet Behind a Net

(Continued from page 39)

sills; some even went so far as to perch on one another's shoulders. I noted that the fair sex were very slimly represented. However, it was a most jovial assemblage—too much so, it seemed to me, for an audience come to witness the weightiest masterpiece on the boards. Pretty soon the prevailing jollity simmered down to an expectant buzz. Presently, the musicians entered.

As James Owen O'Connor walked haltingly to the centre of the stage, he glanced at the wire net. So did the audience. Hamlet was melancholy, as befitted his lines; the audience, on the contrary, appeared to be affected by a vehement epidemic of the risibles. They cachinnated, applauded, cheered, and yelled with merriment. O'Connor frowned, flushed—forgot his lines. He turned his back to the audience, and called loudly for the prompter. At this moment, someone among the closely pressed gallery gods took occasion to throw a large-sized apple. It struck the net, and fell harmlessly to the stage. O'Connor turned. "Arrest the man who threw that!" he cried. Then followed an indescribable uproar among the denizens near the roof, which indicated that the offender was being forcibly jerked out of his seat and ejected amid the loud-voiced protests of himself and friends. When quiet was restored, Hamlet, having got his lost cue, calmly proceeded with the recital of his woes.

Scattered among the occupants of gallery, balcony, and parterre, were numerous would-be punsters, who interpolated advice or suggestions during the progress of the drama. When the black-robed Prince of Denmark said:

"O that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

O'Connor's bulk became the target for a chorus of ironical sallies. "Why not try Turkish baths?" "Are you in earnest?" "Is Edwin Booth in the house?" "Keep on trying—you'll be an actor some day!" "What's your weight now, James?" etc., etc.

Punctuated by hubbub, vociferation and hulla-balloo, the second act of this extraordinary performance of "Hamlet" wore its uproariously interesting way through. Hamlet advised the players: the convulsed throng advised the moon-struck Prince to practice what he preached. In truth, O'Connor *did* saw the air quite strenuously when, by word of mouth, he was instructing otherwise.

"To be, or not to be, that is the question." With folded arms, O'Connor, leaning against a rickety table, was reciting these well-known words; when—horrors!—a lank, noisy individual, who sat directly behind the orchestra, pitched an enormous cabbage upon the stage. The vegetable rolled easily under the wire net; it came to a stop within a foot of the staggered Hamlet, and lay before him with a rakish air. When the curtain had fallen, O'Connor possessed himself of the vegetable. Raising it high in the air, he cried: "Memories of cornbeef! Behold, folks, this edible tribute to the capital 'O' in my name! Would that I knew its giver, so that I might return it to him, for 'tis possible he likes its taste much more than I."

"I know the man," I informed the actor. "Is this the thrower?" A square-jawed policeman edged his way through the curious seat-holders all agog before the scene. Addressing the lank man, the officer snapped: "Get out of this theatre right away—and quickly, too!" The lank man needed no second bidding. With discomfiture written all over him, he hastily gathered up his belongings, and, gingerly holding before him the trouble-making cabbage, made a confused, stumbling exit.

A mighty storm of applause now broke forth, which showed conclusively that the summary dismissal of the lank man had found hearty favor with the major part of the audience.

"Just listen to that hand-clapping," cried the star tragedian, beaming with pleasure. "Hold on, I've an idea!" Up with the curtain, boys! Amid a deafening racket, in which were intermingled loud demands for "Speech! Speech!" O'Connor held up his hand for silence, but not before many minutes had passed did he obtain it. When, at last, he could make himself heard, he said:

"Dear friends—for such I consider you after this unmistakable evidence of your sympathetic sentiments—dear friends, I find words an inadequate vehicle with which to thank you or express, in the slightest degree, the overwhelming gratitude which fills the innermost recesses of my heart. You see before you a man who is inspired by a fervent desire to give an original, an individual, a faithful interpretation of the greatest works of 'the most illustrious of the sons of men.' Whether I will succeed or not



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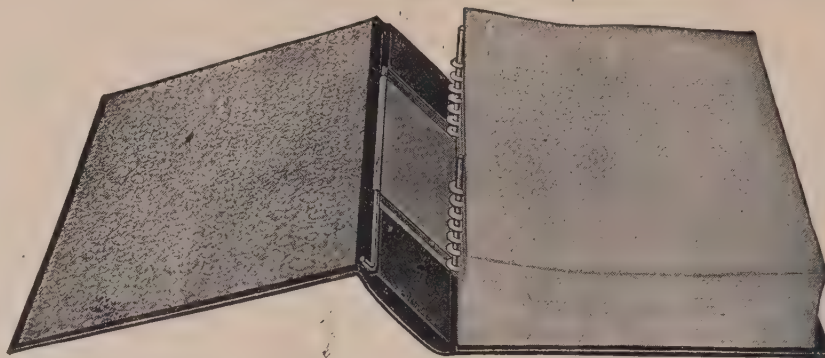
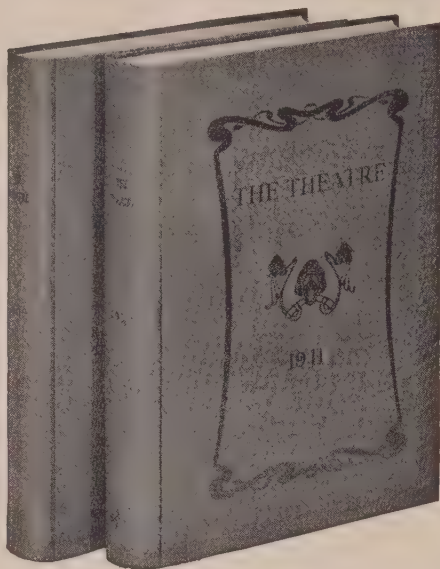
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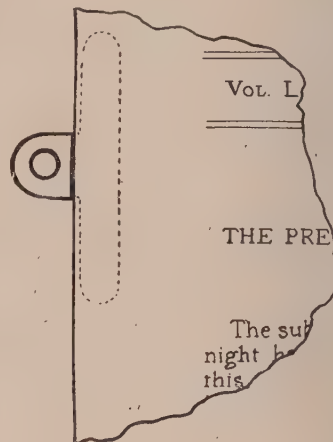
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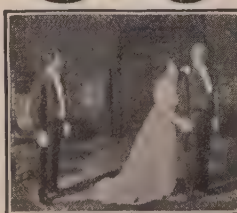
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Specimen Pages



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Specimen Pages

When I think of the Play and Players

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THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, 8, 10, 12, 14 West 38th Street, New York

hangs upon the verdict of such as you, hospitable folk of the Golden Gate (cheers), not upon the actions of cabbage-throwing hoodlums, or the trivial lines of carping critics, who grow merry over the shape of my legs, but pass lightly over my earnest efforts to do the best I can, according to my lights. So the world wags! This net behind which I speak—he struck it with his hand, while an infectious smile wrinkled his cheek—“this net has about outlived its usefulness.” (Cries of “Right you are, Mr. O’Connor!”) “Being firmly convinced that this playhouse now contains none but my well-wishers, I intend, at the conclusion of this act, to tear down the net for the rest of the play. (Deafening applause.) I crave an attentive audience, a respectful hearing—I know I am going to get them both!”

And he did.

EDWARD ACKER.

San Francisco's Rehabilitation

(Continued from page 53)

comfort, beauty and safety the Columbia is certainly the equal of any playhouse in the country. John Cort's new playhouse began a prosperous career on August 27, 1911. The investment represents \$1,000,000, nearly half of which was put into the building itself.

Belasco & Mayer's new Alcazar Theatre, on O'Farrell Street, near Powell, was dedicated on December 23d by an enthusiastic audience that assembled to inspect the beautiful playhouse and witness a production of “The Fourth Estate.”

The decorations are typical of the Golden State, but are treated in an entirely different manner from the Cort Theatre. G. C. Wocker has used California's world-famous redwoods in a wall decoration motif that makes the spectator feel as if he were seated in the midst of a grove of towering sequoias. The trees are conventionalized to a certain extent, but you see clearly enough their purple trunks, green foliage and the orange morning light shimmering through. As the eye lifts upwards, the sky becomes bluer, and is suffused with pink clouds with the golden rays of the early sun shooting through them.

These beautiful theatres, with the Empress, the Pantages and the Wigwag that make a bid for vaudeville honors, constitute San Francisco's principal playhouses to-day.

A number of other theatres are being planned for the amusement of the millions of visitors who will flock to San Francisco during the next four years. Perhaps the most impressive temple of art that will figure in the festive Panama-Pacific International Exposition ceremonies will be the million dollar opera house that is to adorn the Civic Center proposed by Daniel Burnham, the professional city builder. The most famous architects, builders, artists and sculptors are to be secured to plan a worthy addition to the magnificent municipal buildings that are to be grouped at the intersection of Van Ness Avenue and Market Street.

The city is to supply the site, and the greater part of the money needed to build the opera house is to be raised by subscriptions for boxes at \$15,000 each. The scheme is novel in America in that it provides for a combination of public and private enterprise.

During the next four years a gorgeous setting for still another scene in this remarkable drama will be in course of preparation, and when the curtain goes up in 1915, San Francisco will easily be able to live up to her reputation of being one of the greatest show cities in the world.

HORATIO F. STOLL.

Famous Women

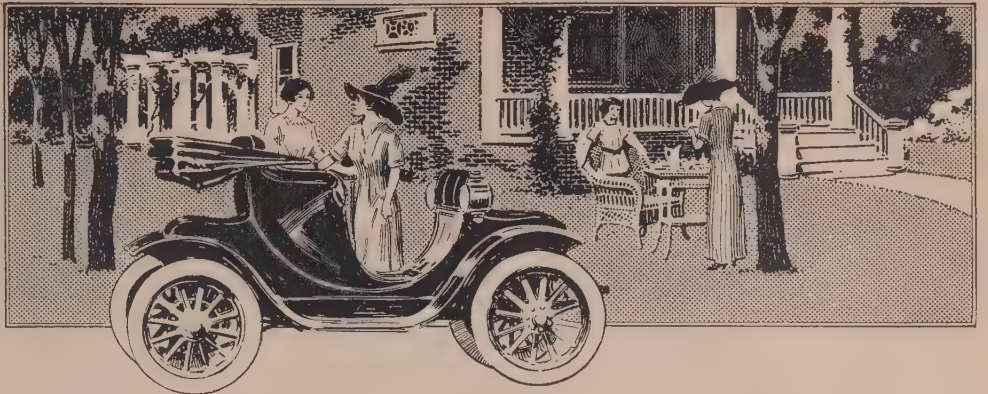
(Continued from page 62)

role. Mrs. P. R. Bowers played the part with some success in America, but the incidents of the story and the people who played a part in it were not so well understood over here as in France.

Sarah Bernhardt revived the old play some years ago, and then later presented her own version, in which she had augmented the scene of denunciation, which in accordance with her later method, permitted her to “slouch” in the greater part of the play, and then like a tigress to rise viciously to the attack in one scene with a resounding staccato and the much-heralded “voix d’or.” Nethersole also arranged her version of “Adrienne Lecouvreur,” permitting her to rise to an extended “big moment” in her scene with the Duchess. An opera based on the same story has been moderately successful, but the public is now out of tune with the times in which Adrienne lived, and feels a resentment at what appears to be an exaggeration. Theatre-goers demand naturalism on the stage to-day, and Adrienne was the prophetess of the new era. The reality of her life seems artificial and glaringly false to-day, even when represented by Lecouvreur's most talented successors.

ARCHIE BELL.

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See page x for particulars



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AFTERNOON HAT OF BLACK SILK WITH LARGE BUNCHES OF BLACK AIGRETTES ON EITHER SIDE

Fancies in Early Fall Modes

THE sailing list of each incoming ocean steamer now bears the name of some favorite actress, whose vacation days are so near an end, or some well-known society woman who has returned from abroad to spend a few gay weeks at the beautiful resorts in her own country.

And so it happens that every day I meet some newly returned vacationist who forthwith gives me some decided style note from Paris.

Walking along Broadway one morning about a month ago I met a woman, noted as a good dresser, clad in a gown of white satin. A strange street dress? Well, probably we would have thought so a few years ago, but ever since last year's season at Trouville we have heard so much about white satin for street wear that we were quite prepared for the perfect craze for these dresses that has sprung up in Paris. With the return of foreign travelers, these costumes have been appearing upon our streets in increasing numbers during the past month, and are now no longer looked upon as a novelty.

One fashionable woman remarked, "I find the white satin far preferable to the lingerie frocks, because they emerge from the cleaning process looking like new, which cannot be said of the lingerie dress. They do not require such frequent cleaning as the latter, and then they are just as cool, because one always has to wear a silk slip with the lingerie gown, which makes it just as heavy as one of soft, light satins or charmeuse."

So if you desire to be strictly up-to-date you will have a simple white one-piece satin or charmeuse, preferably the latter, street dress, or an elaborate gown with lace trimmings for dressy afternoon wear.

A letter from Paris told me of a perfect beauty that was recently worn at Longchamps. It was of white charmeuse—this will be the popular fabric of the coming season—and had a pannier of fine white lace lined with black chiffon and a band of black lace around the bottom of the skirt. The lace-draped bodice showed a normal waistline encircled by a crush belt of cerise velvet.

By the way, cerise is prominent just now as the fashionable

touch of color. The advance models of the fall suits indicate that cherry coral and chartreuse green, especially the latter, will be much used for this purpose. A great favorite will be the navy blue suit combined with this shade of green. In fact, this bright chartreuse green, as the sole trimming or in combination with another trimming shade to give the requisite touch of brightness, will be a feature of the fall gowns.

Of course, for street wear, a coat must be worn with the white satin dress, and the short black satin Directoire jackets are very smart. The other day I saw a simple white satin morning dress worn with a plain short jacket of violet satin. It was jaunty and decidedly attractive.

Another prominent style feature from Paris are the plaited skirts I mentioned last month. All the well-known couturiers are displaying them, and so there is no further doubt of their acceptance.

These plaited skirts are mostly machine made, some being patented by the modistes. Probably the invoices of the near future will include these plaited materials. In one of our prominent shops I have already noticed a black plaited voile. The plaitings are applied in various ways.

A suit from Martial and Armands that I saw last week had the machine-plaited fabric form on over-drapery. It was fastened below the knee depth in a puff effect to a plain, narrow underskirt. A beautiful little dress by Cheruit shows a narrow box-plaited skirt over which falls a plain apron-style overskirt.

Probably you have noticed the prevalence of the plain machine-plaited skirt and the mannish coats? These are the latest thing in tailored suits and decidedly smart.

An attractive suit by Béchoff-David has two deep flounces of finely plaited chiffon velvet attached to a yoke of black satin. The coat of this costume is noteworthy. It is of the chiffon velvet developed in the popular Directoire style. It is in the cut-away effect, very smart, and measures about 36 inches in the back. The front is probably about 32 inches long. This gives the curve so much desired.

This reminds me of the recent controversies in regard to the length of the jacket for the fall, and it has been finally decided that, in order to satisfy the cravings of the American woman for smartness and youthfulness, the jacket must be a natural length, which means that while the short woman can wear a coat from 26 to 36 inches in length, according to the style of development, the taller woman will look better and be equally fashionable in one measuring from 32 to 40 inches.

The new French gowns that the returning travelers are wearing

show the continued vogue of contrasts in materials and colors. In the present mode of the three-piece costume this idea is easily carried out. For instance, a suit of velvet may have a broadcloth coat, and *vice-versa*. Sometimes the skirt and jacket are of one material, and the bodice forms the contrast.

By the way, did you know that, except in lingerie waists, the very sheer effects are no longer considered modish in Paris? The satins, failles and taffetas are now the favorite materials for waists, and tucks and plaits have replaced the transparent insertions.

But I am diverging. On a boat trip the other day I noticed a costume of tan broadcloth, with a coat of brown velvet, which I am mentioning to illustrate the contrast in material and color, as well as the preference for monotonous toward which there is now a strong trend of fashion. The colors also emphasize the increasing popularity of the browns. They will, during the coming season, undoubtedly, be strong rivals of the long popular blues, and all the shades from tan to seal brown will be fashionable.

A novel combination is displayed in a suit by Bernard. It is of black broadcloth, with the Directoire coat of white dotted black velveteen.

Triangular motifs are a new trimming that will be popular for the fall and winter tailored suit. They are made of contrasting material or of braid and are used in many ways. Redfern shows a suit with this V-shaped trimming at the foot of the front panel and below the belt at the front of the coat.

One of Paquin's new gowns has a novel belt effect, and by the way, it has the normal waistline. The belt is of black patent leather and reaches only to the side fronts, where a satin sash is attached and drawn through large oval eyelets. It falls directly down the front in long ends that are finished off with a deep fringe. Having the belt extending only part way around the waist is a fancy of the new season's modes.

Of course, you have noticed that overgaiters have come back? Yes, and they are to be very fashionable during the fall and

winter. So you will soon be wanting a pair to give your patent leather Oxfords the proper touch of smartness. The combination of patent Oxfords and taupe overgaiters promises to be a very strong vogue.

In one high class shop I found a goodly assortment of this footwear, and you will have no difficulty in obtaining the black, grays and tans. In this shop they make a specialty of making overgaiters of your own material at \$5.

When looking up the overgaiters I happened to see the cutest little slipper stretchers! They are of aluminum and some of them



Talbot
MODEL FROM ZIMMERMANN: OF DARK BLUE SILK WITH ENGLISH
EYELET EMBROIDERY OVER WHITE LINON

are gilded. The bar that joins the vamp and heel is twined with dainty colored ribbon and finished off at the centre with a rosette of the narrow ribbon, in which is embedded a cluster of tiny roses. It is a very dainty boudoir accessory.

This reminds me, too, of the new studded hosiery. I mentioned this article last month, but a few days ago I noticed such unusual patterns in an exclusive shop on Fifth Avenue that I made inquiries concerning same. I found that you can have your hosiery studded with spangles or jewels to suit your taste. Mock diamonds are now the great favorites, and this dealer carries a supply of rhinestone-studded hosiery at prices from \$5 to \$10. Those having simple rhinestone clockings are \$5, and can be had in all colors. An accompaniment to these stockings are the narrow garters of satin, shirred over elastic and studded with the rhinestones. These, too, will be made to order in designs as elaborate as desired.

Mentioning lingerie items reminds me of the new underwear. Since sheer materials have been adopted for these garments, each invoice has brought in something more diaphanous, until now we have the combinations made entirely of Valenciennes lace, which, however, is too extreme for the average woman. She will find the charming little combination of shadow allover just the loveliest

possession! These are trimmed with Valenciennes lace and narrow pink ribbons, and, of course, they have small clusters of tiny roses, just as all the luxurious lingerie now has.

The other day when calling upon a friend who knows my fondness for beautiful things, and always gives me the pleasure of seeing her selections, showed me her newest costume. The gown of crêpe de chine was certainly a vision of loveliness.

It was in the shade of old rose and most exquisitely embroidered in matching color silk. The tunic had a 12-inch border of a square eyelet pattern embroidery between a dainty trailing floral pattern. The bodice was trimmed with two-inch bands of the embroidery, and this also formed a novel girdle with a looped sash.

"Isn't that beautiful?" asked my hostess. "I heard of an importing house who carry only the finest Swiss embroideries, and I fell in love with this pattern as soon as I saw it. I wish you could see the marvelously charming colors in these crêpe de chines. There is blue, plum, steel gray and the loveliest silver gray, ocean, champagne, gold, and then the white and black. Wouldn't the white make a lovely wedding gown? And just think how inexpensive such a gown is. I only paid \$39.80 for the material, but it didn't require anything excepting the little lace yoke and vest



Talbot
MODEL FROM DRECOLL: DRESS OF BLUE SATIN WITH FIGURES OF MAUVE BOUQUETS. LACE FOR TRIMMING



Talbot
MODEL FROM DUKES: TAILOR SUIT OF ECRU TUSSOR. EM-
BROIDERED COLLAR



Talbot
MODEL FROM ZIMMERMANN: BLACK CHARMEUSE AND CHAMPAGNE
TRIMMED WITH LACE

and the making is so simple! Why, I think a clever woman could make up the gown herself without any difficulty."

She told me that a few days ago when shopping with one of her friends they stepped into a French lingerie shop, where they found such delightful things that it was impossible for them to resist the tempting array. One of the pieces which she purchased was a beautiful combination. It was especially designed for décolleté wear. The embroidery was simply exquisite, and I am sure she couldn't have bought it for \$4.75 on the other side. Yes, that is all she paid for it.

Then before I left she asked me how I liked her new sport hat. She said: "I noticed a few of them in the window of a specialty shop on Fifth Avenue, and I just had to have one. Isn't it chic?" And I agreed with her that it was. It was of velour in a medium shape, soft and pliable. It had the brim turned up a little at one side, and was banded in bright-colored fancy ribbon. I have seen these hats at the shop mentioned. They are the latest thing in sport hats, and can be had in a variety of colors.

Before closing, I want to tell you about the illustrations I am showing you this month. Figs 1 and 5 illustrate the fabric and

color combination I referred to. The first is a model by Zimmermann, and is a charming combination of dark blue silk and English eyelet embroidery over white linon.

In Fig 5 I am showing one of the accepted forms of the much discussed pannier. In this gown Zimmermann has given the graceful effects of this style which American women will readily adopt. The underskirt of this model is of black charmeuse and the overdress of the same material in champagne.

Fig. 2 shows a tailored gown in écru, which is one of the popular shades of brown that will be so fashionable in the coming season. The dainty embroidered collar attests to the preference for simple effects, and the buttons show the continued vogue of this favorite mode of trimming.

In Fig. 3 you see a charming little dress by Drecoll. It has a blue satin skirt with the yoke and bodice of matching silk covered with tiny bouquets in mauve.

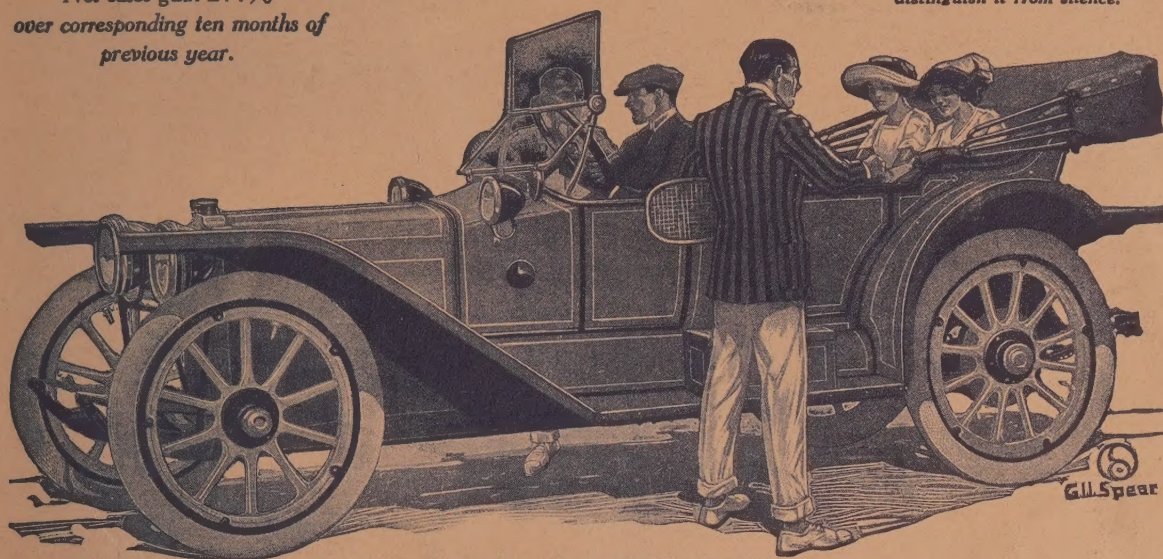
Isn't that a beautiful gown in Fig. 4? It reminds me of the embroidered crêpe de chine I described above. This, however, is of charmeuse, in turquoise blue, embroidered in the most exquisite design of flowerettes. The large black velvet bow that holds the plaits at the side front is most effective.



Talbot
MODEL FROM WINGROVE: OF TURQUOISE BLUE CHARMEUSE EMBROIDERED WITH FLOWERETTES. BLACK VELVET BOW

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Eight years ago the first "American Underslung" was placed on the market. Its builders had a new idea in automobile construction. That is, they took the old practical Underslung principle as applied to all modern locomotives, and built the "American Underslung" around it. Its introduction marked the first actual advancement in fine motor car construction.

From that day to this the enthusiastic and eager demand for this car has always exceeded our capacity, although each year our production was greatly enlarged. During the last ten months alone our increase over the corresponding ten months of a year ago has been over 211 per cent.

The "American Underslung" differs in constructive principle. *The frame—the very backbone of the car—is slung under the axles instead of being placed over the axles*, and the result is that the very drawbacks of the conventional "overhead" car are completely eliminated.

The low center of gravity means **SAFETY** and added comfort.

The straight line drive means *less wasted power*.

The large wheels mean easier riding, tire economy and *maximum road clearance*.

The Underslung frame permits the *direct* and *practical* introduction of all these distinct advantages.

And on top of these guaranteed practical advantages, you have a superb and gracefully designed car possessing a most elegant finish. These big, strong, powerful cars are beauties. They are just as fine as we can make them. The exquisite body work is magnificent. Every "American Underslung" is as carefully made as a special job.

This year we are equipping the "American Underslung" with the finest accessories made. It is all in keeping with the elegance of the splendid new models. Nothing has been too good for us to secure and all is made regular equipment—not "as extras." "American Underslugs" are known as the fully equipped cars.

Our complete 1913 line can be seen in all of the principal cities. Write us for a handsome 1913 catalogue and a simple treatise on the "Advantages of Underslung Construction."

American Motors Company
Dept. T, Indianapolis, Indiana



*Time takes no toll
from him who takes White Rock*

*The Great White Way
at Times Square*